

THE QUARTERLY



New Rochelle, N. Y.

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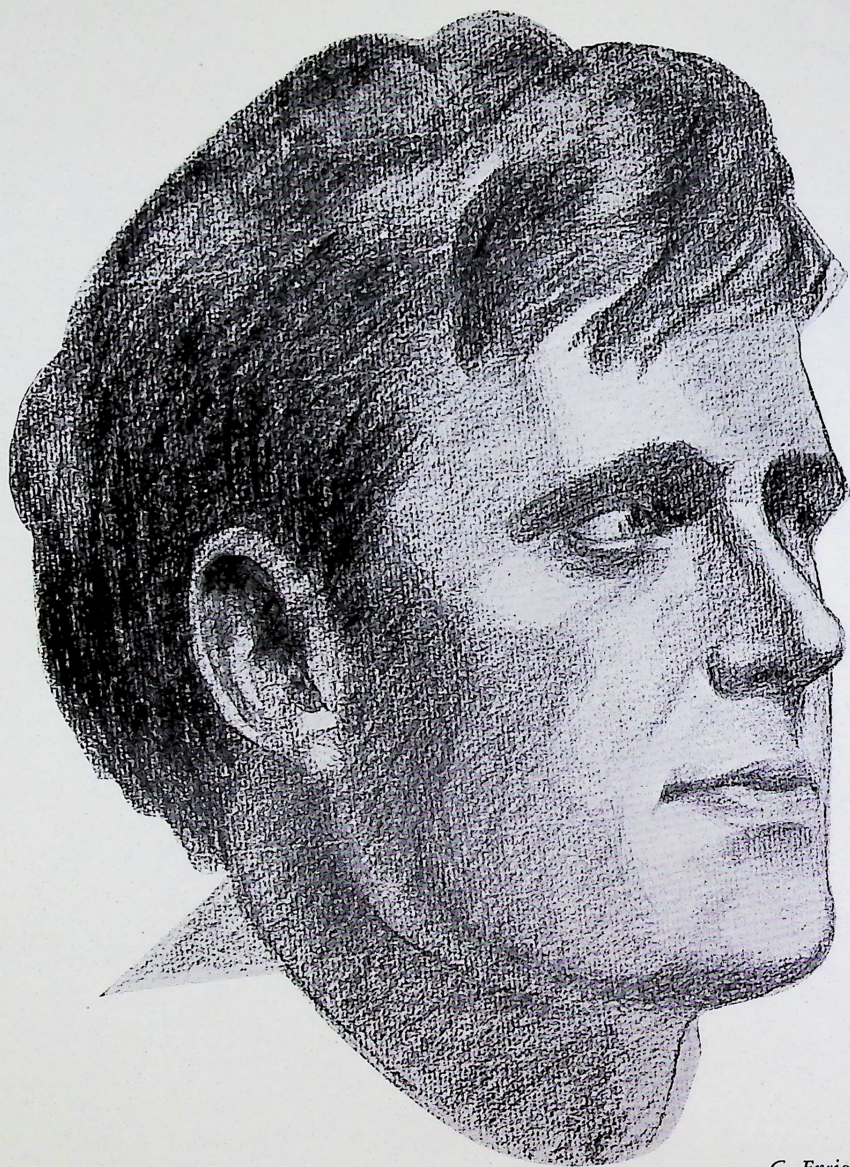
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JACK LONDON

G. Enright

The Iconoclastic Mr. London

— *the literary red shirt*

DOROTHY WALSH

A TWENTIETH century realist, a natural born storyteller, an innovator who replaced the pale, anemic blood of the nineteenth century with the fresh, red blood of naturalism, an iconoclast of literary traditions, a determinist and a materialist — so Jack London.

Fifteen years before his death, critics were calling Mr. London the "strongest short story writer to arise in this country since Poe"; "a new Kipling come out of the West"; "Did for Alaska what Harte did for California." Then, on the other hand, members of the press condemned Mr. London's stories as "Brutal, vulgar and unpleasant, written without polish, delicacy or refinement." Mr. London's work did possess all these characteristics; let us see exactly how such opposing traits were reconciled in one unique personality.

The individuality of Mr. London may be traced to the influence of his individual parents, his unusually mature boyhood, his varied and independent travels. His mother was Flora Wellman of Ohio, a clever and intelligent woman, but a neurotic spiritualist. His father was Professor W. H. Chaney, an itinerant Irish astrologer, born in a log cabin in Maine. Even though the Professor disclaims all responsibility, the existent relationship is obvious. From his father, Jack inherited his taste for the sea, and for books, as well as his father's short, husky build, strong, handsome Irish face, his light hair, high forehead, deepset mystical eyes, and powerful chin, even his father's signature.

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Jack London was born on January 12, 1876, and some time after this, Flora Wellman married John London, an English Pennsylvanian, who met Flora at one of her spiritualist meetings in San Francisco. By his late wife, Mr. London had had two daughters. Eliza, one of these, and a hired negro who bestowed on Jack all her love for her own child who had just died, were his lifelong friends and the two most interested in him.

The Londons always had a difficult life — between too much sickness and too little money. After an attempt at the grocery business Mr. London tried farming, while his wife ran the house under the direction of departed spirits, in between her frequent and terrifying "heart attacks." In her more jocular moments, Flora would place Jack in the middle of a table during one of her seances and both he and the table would float around the room in midair. Even though they were earning a fair living, the Londons moved to the coast, where they tried farming, and where Jack first attended a school.

Now, at eleven, Jack sold papers, worked on an ice-wagon, set up pins in a bowling alley and saw life as his class lived it. At this period becomes noticeable "the first fundamental contradiction in Jack's nature; he was timid and shy,"¹ and developed an inferiority complex about his unusual background and family, but "he was confident and sure because he had inherited a forceful brain from Professor Chaney."²

After Jack graduated from grammar school, he saved money for a year and bought a second hand skiff for six dollars and daily tempted Providence in the heaviest seas. Because of a train accident which seriously injured his father, Jack at sixteen, was forced to work in a cannery. This job he soon abandoned to become an oyster pirate, and made as much in one night as he had in three

¹ Stone-Houghton, Irving, *Sailor on Horseback*, New York, 1938.

² P. 26, *ibid.*

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months in the cannery. As the smartest and toughest of the fleet, he had hundreds of adventures, all of which he hugely enjoyed, and acquired the habit of drinking heavily.

A few years later, Jack decided to forego pirating and become a deputy for the Fish Patrol in San Francisco Bay — to catch shrimp raiders and salmon thieves. All his adventures he wrote into rapid action short stories called "Tales of the Fish Patrol," published in 1905. After a year of this, he wanted to see the world and sailed on a sealing vessel from the Bay for Korea, Japan and Siberia. Upon his return, he found business disrupted by the financial panic of 1893, and the best he could do was to take a job in a jute mill at a dollar for a ten-hour day.

Jack was working on this job when the first indication came that he was to be a prize-winning writer. His mother, remembering that his father had been a writer, showed him a composition contest announcement. Jack dashed off something that won the first prize of twenty-five dollars. The next two prizes went to men of the University of California and Stanford University. Of this "Typhoon Off the Coast of Japan" by a seventeen year old boy of only grammar school education, a newspaper wrote, "The most striking thing is the largeness of grasp and force of expression that shows the young artist."

Jack finally left the jute mill and became a coal heaver at thirty dollars a month with one day off. Both these jobs served to disgust him completely with all manual labor — where men worked like beasts. From his traveling on the road, with an army of unemployed, Jack learned two things: that he would have to educate himself so that he could work with his brain instead of his brawn, and secondly, that there was something wrong with an economic system that took from a man the best years of his working life, then cast him on the junk heap to starve, a tragedy for the individual and his family, "brutalizing and wasteful for

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society."¹ He learned that modern socialism was only seventy years old and was delighted to have this system existent in his own early life so that he could fight for the cause. He believed that economic conditions and not men started revolutions, and in his research, he came upon Karl Marx's "Manifesto," and saw his own ideas comprehensively set forth. In this "Manifesto," he found scientific socialism demanding the abolition of private property in land; abolition of all rights of inheritance; factories, means of production, communication, transportation to be state owned; and all wealth, except consumption goods, owned collectively.

Desiring to attend the University of California, at nineteen, he enrolled at Oakland High to make up three years, where through the Henry Clay Debating Society he met Edward Applegarth with whose sister, Mabel, Jack immediately fell in love. Older than Jack, Mabel was everything Jack was not — pale, delicate, ethereal, cultured. Under the Applegarths' tutelage, Jack developed into a charming, enthusiastic, brilliant person — even though he was jailed for his speeches, hailed as a boy socialist, and later as a red shirt, a radical and an anarchist. Though Mabel was shocked, they still went bicycling together.

Entering the University, "a strange combination of Scandinavian sailor and Greek god, made altogether boyish by the lack of two front teeth lost cheerfully somewhere in a fight,"² he left after a year because the family was completely without funds. After trying to get something back from his five years' study, he decided to give manual labor one more chance, and worked in a laundry, but it presented the same cruel conditions — the hours, the heat, the lights, the strain — all left him exhausted, and he did not see how it would profit him.

¹ P. 67, *ibid.*

² P. 81, *ibid.*

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The Klondike Gold Rush came and Jack went. After some months, he returned to Oakland, without a penny in his pocket, but with a wealth of ideas in his head, and was shocked to learn of the death of his father — his only real family tie. Now, the head of the family, he returned to writing and studying. In January 1899, he was finally rewarded by his first check — five dollars from the "Overland Monthly." On the strength of this, he and Mabel became engaged, but her domineering mother making his life unbearable, they broke it off and Mabel died an old maid.

Jack's intellectual life was profoundly affected by Spencer, who showed him the relation of all things, by Darwin and his evolution, by Marx's "Manifesto," and by Nietzsche. Under Nietzsche's influence, Jack revolted against all manifestation of religion, belief in supernatural powers, in life after death and in a God-controlled universe. "I believe that with my death I am just as much obliterated as the last mosquito you or I smashed."¹ "We are puppets at the play of great unreasoning forces."² An agnostic, Jack held the whole Christian dogma and all other religions as man's greatest foe and only believed in the soul. He agreed with Nietzsche's theory of the superman — since he thought of himself as such — the best in a given field — as he was the Prince of Oyster Pirates, Drunkards and Hoboes, and at his peak, the most popular, highest paid and best known writer in the country. His stories were translated into Russian, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, Polish, Spanish, Italian and Hebrew.

The year nineteen hundred brought a number of changes in his life. The first and most important was his marriage to Bessie Maddern, "a beautiful and accomplished young woman," whom

¹ P. 110, *ibid.*

² P. 126, *ibid.*

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he had met through Mabel. Also, he was recognized by "McClure's," which paid him three hundred dollars for one story. This was the year "Son of the Wolf," a collection of short stories was published, and hailed as twentieth century material. His work was being published in an almost inexhaustible list of periodicals including the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Cosmopolitan*.

Another series of Alaskan tales, "God of His Fathers," published in May, 1901, definitely illustrates his own literary philosophy, which he gave to a friend in a letter of criticism. He said, "You are handling stirring life, romance, humor and pathos . . . handle them as they should be. Don't you tell the readers the philosophy of the road. *Have your characters tell it by their deeds, action, talk* . . . Get your good strong phrases, fresh and vivid; write intensively, not exhaustively or lengthily; don't narrate — paint! draw! build! *Create!* Damn you. Forget you and then the world will remember you!"¹

With the publication of "God of His Fathers," the "New Masses" wrote of him that "Jack London was a real proletarian writer. Workers who read, read Jack London . . . He is the one literary experience they all have in common . . . The most popular writer of the working class." Press notices were also warm. "The stories ought to be widely read, because they represent one of the most encouraging tendencies in contemporary American fiction." "The stories are vivid, concise, dramatic. They are sometimes coarse, generally disagreeable, always cynical and reckless. But if anyone wants to be interested, amused, and thoroughly stirred, he cannot do better than read this volume."

Reporters give us an insight into his character when they call him, "The most approachable of men, unconventional, re-

¹ P. 150, *ibid.*

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sponsive, genuine, hospitable, noble, boyish, loving, primitive, kind, free, unhackneyed, odd, colorful and eccentric."

In July 1902, Jack went to South Africa for the American Press to report the Boer War, but upon arrival, he found a cancellation of the trip. Stranded in London with no money, he traveled to the East End and lived in the tenements to get material for his "People of the Abyss," published serially in 1903; this was a sociological novel which ranked him high among American sociologists, as did "Children of the Frost" rank him high among story-tellers.

Then followed *Call of the Wild*, concerning a Southern domesticated dog, who pulls a sledge in Alaska, and finally reverts to a type of Northern wolf and leads the pack. For thirty days' work on this book, he received two thousand dollars. With this he bought a cabin sailboat, the "Spray," and after sailing around for a week, wrote the "Sea Wolf" — published in 1904. This is a brutally vivid picture of Wolf Larsen, a Danish captain of a sailing schooner, a man of tremendous strength, an immoral materialist, and though the reader never meets Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, one does get the intense feeling of mutual and primitive hate. This was published serially in the "Century" for four thousand dollars.

Nursed after an accident by a Miss Clara Kittredge, in 1903 he left his wife for her. One of Jack's closest friends observes that if either of his two children had been a son, Jack would never have left his family. He is said to have been gentle, human, kind, and tender, but in accordance with his superman theory, he wanted to get all he could out of life. If Bessie could not hold her husband, that was not Miss Kittredge's worry. But before the divorce went through, Jack was almost reconciled to his family, when his daughter, Joan, almost died of typhoid.

In 1904, with conditions in Japan and Russia precipitating

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war, Jack took money from the highest bidder — the Hearst Syndicate — and sailed for Yokohama. He did much traveling and adventuring in and about Japan, and finally, after reaching the furthestest point North to be reached by any war correspondent, and after almost being executed by the Japanese, he returned to California to be served with the divorce. Even the successful publication of his "Faith of Men" did not revive his enthusiasm. He was good newspaper copy for a number of things — his "War of the Classes" of 1905, his running on the Socialist ticket, his "White Fang" of 1907, his new Hill Ranch, his divorce, and immediate marriage to Miss Kittredge on the following night with unseemly haste; his book on evolution, *Before Adam*, in 1907, his thirty thousand dollar "Snark" built for a trip around the world.

In rapid succession followed "The Road," "Love of Life," and "The Iron Heel," all of 1907, "Martin Eden" of 1909, the acquisition of two ranches of 910 acres. After writing "Burning Daylight" in 1910, an adventure story of the North which was a clever mixture of action and Socialism, Jack began to build a house which would stand for centuries and which eventually cost him eighty thousand dollars. Delighted with the thought of possessing a real home, built to his own specifications, Jack was in a happy, productive mood, and wrote "Last Face," a collection of short stories of 1909, and "Revolution," a collection of essays. By dint of force, driving power, concentration and pure talent, Jack London had made for himself an unusually enthusiastic audience.

In 1911, he bought ten more acres and built the Ranch House to use until the Wolf House was completed. There he lived calmly for two years and then, out of his previous drinking habits, came "John Barleycorn" in 1913. It is an alcoholic treatise, a drinking classic, which brought him both social revilement and

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literary recognition. It was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Temperance associations poured forth blistering invectives upon his head and set him down as an habitual drunkard, as a bad example for all. A motion picture made of the book was soon suppressed because of the furor among the distilleries.

At this time of his life, Jack London was making seventy-five thousand a year and was spending a hundred thousand, and, in short, he was a national figure. But events moved along rapidly and what finally broke his heart was the burning of the Wolf House the night before he was to move in. The fire is generally believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion, and only the stone work remained, which was made to last for centuries. It was never rebuilt. Mr. London lived only three years after this, hurt by his fly-by-night friends who would advance him nothing, hurt by his daughters' continued refusal to recognize him, and weighted down by debt.

To alleviate this last condition, Mr. London wrote the "Scarlet Plague" in 1913, which illustrated the reversion of civilized men to primitive men in the time of a great plague, and "Night Born" — a volume of stories — "The Abysmal Brute," "Valley of the Moon," "Mutiny of the Elsinore" in 1914, and in 1915, his last great novel, *The Star Rover*. But ill health cost him much of his fighting spirit and he was failing. This is evident in his last attempt at an agricultural novel, *The Little Lady of the Big House*, in 1916, which had all the faults of Clara's influence, being flowery, sentimental, artificial and forced. Both himself and his wife were moody and low spirited, and left for Hawaii, where Jack wrote "Jerry of the Islands," a dog story which was published in 1917. They returned to the ranch, but the farm failed, the public tired of Jack and he of his own writing. At the completion of "Hearts of Three," he remarked that he

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celebrated "his fortieth birthday, his fiftieth book, and his sixteenth year in the writing game."¹

So bowing himself out of life with the completion of a few more excellent stories, Jack willed his entire estate to Clara and without warning took morphine sulphate and atrophine sulphate on Tuesday, November 21, 1916. Mourning for him was universal. Europeans gave Mr. London more space than the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, who had died the day before. His body was cremated the night after the funeral in Oakland and his ashes buried at the peak of one of his favorite hills.

As a closing remark, I cite Mr. Fred Louis Pattee, who says, regarding style, that Mr. London was too impatient to be a novelist. He was too headlong to round out a large plan; he had no time for revision though Mr. London calls himself a careful writer. Mr. Pattee also says that Mr. London's range was small — that his squalid childhood had so warped his sense of values that he could write only of one strata of society, but praises him duly when he admits that few had his equal for action stories. All his leading characters are giants, but Mr. London's supermen are only Californians as they imagine themselves to be.

Mr. London believed that the veneer of men was thin, too thin to hide the brutes that they were underneath, as in the diabolically brutal scenes in the "Sea Wolf." He wrote tales of struggles, storms, and strong men, of bullies, brutes and boats; melodramatic tales which tell of hot-headed men in the frigidity of the North. As he was one of the most widely popular of the naturalistic school, Mr. London knew nothing of the patrician touch, of grace, harmony or method. His books were primarily immediate and authoritative — journalistically speaking, urgent. They were all content and no form. Scenes were made realistic

¹ P. 322, *ibid.*

IN A CITY'S STREETS

by being laid in the readers' present. Mr. London's was a crude style; it was lurid, but had an abundance of glowing adjectives, a melodramatic intensity, force, originality and freshness of material. Spontaneity of expression (which his detractors call "lack of polish") was evident. But the gray-eyed Californian had poured his young red blood into the old literature and once having had it, literature craved more and received further stimulation from writers whom Mr. London had imbued with his own energetic literary ideas.

His was a national and international voice, idolized by the Russians — the most arresting in the literature of the decade preceding the World War. Mr. London is important because he, in sympathy with Kipling, fought the aestheticism, sweetness and light of the nineteenth century in order to advance the vibrant, colorful literature of the twentieth century.

In A City's Streets

Around me flowed the stream of life,
Forever changing — ever new,
Like some dark flood that hurtles on
To lose its foulness in the sea.
The raucous blare, the rising roar
Of closely packed humanity
Surged o'er me like a tidal wave
And, weary of the strife about,
I raised my eyes and saw above
The changeless beauty of the stars.

MARIE YANARELLA '39.

It Had To Be You *in this case — a super-blind*

VIRGINIA CRONAN

THE big elms, that dripped greenness over the slight incline of lawn, set the white house nicely back from the shady street. An iron railing accompanied the brick steps to the front door, where a quaint brass knocker hung in idleness because people used the more practical bell.

It was by these tokens that Jo and Dick Mattson had said the place must have been made with them in mind. They had been married two years when they took the house, and they were proud of realizing their dreams of "the suburbs after a couple of years."

Jo said, "Can't you see it, darling, getting old and rambling?"

"And the Mattsons along with it?"

"No, dope. Eternal youth — that's us." And she had given a little determined lift to her chin as they walked up the steps.

Since then the sun and storms of two years more had broken over the green gables. The snow that piled around the steps, had given way to Spring. A second spring had come and gone again, and now for a third time, the daffodils made a yellow border against the mottled stone foundation. And Jo and Dick were ecstatically happy — well anyway, Dick was. But Jo was saying furiously to the slim girl sunk in the yellow leather chair.

"This is the last straw, Viv. Absolutely the very last."

"Who broke the camel's back this time?"

Jo ignored the question while she lit a cigarette at the white mantle, to cool her anger before she went on.

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"I know I'm a completely married woman and I don't mind living up to it. But when the Woman's Civic League 'phones and asks me to bake cookies for their bazaar! Well ——." She drew up her shoulders, "I feel I'm slipping."

Vivian Clarke sat in supreme amusement and watched and listened. And Jo thought, "It must be easy to be coolly amused when you're sleek and popular with a big salary for clothes and — unmarried."

"Well, you're not a college girl, Jo." Viv said then, cruelly rubbing it in.

"I'm only twenty-two," she said, hurt. "I don't want to settle down to a sewing basket and cookie pan already. Just because I was a fool at eighteen and ——." Jo stopped short, wishing her tongue had slipped down her throat before she had said too much to Vivian again. Oh, why did this girl — her own age, too — never fail to make her defensive? Silently she begged Dick's forgiveness.

"Did you say you'd whip up a batch of cookies?" Vivian was obviously anxious to get out of this mess of domesticity.

"Of course not. I said I never baked. I thought it would sound young and inefficient," Jo pouted.

Vivian laughed her deep, infectious laugh, "Oh, Jo, you are priceless." She moved to the edge of her chair, making the guest's first move toward departure, "Well — young or old, you've a husband to cook for, Mrs. Mattson, and far be it from me to keep a good wife from her duty."

Jo did not politely rebel against Viv's leaving. She stood up briskly. "It's such fun cooking for Dick. Honestly, you've no idea how he enjoys all my attempts." Remorsefully she tried to atone for her previous words. But Vivian let that pass.

"Speaking of dinner," she said, loitering on the top step, "you

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and Dick will come to the dinner dance Monday night, won't you?"

Jo fought hard to keep up a show of domestic enthusiasm now. "Monday?" — she echoed brightly. "Dick's night with the boys, you know. Quite impossible this time, Viv."

"Jo, don't be a stick. He can give up the boys one night. And are you sure it's the boys?" Vivian caroled back. She added something about their not getting out with the crowd anymore, but Jo did not listen. Her mind was ringing with that insinuating question. She waved mechanically to Vivian's disappearing form.

"You're sure it's the boys?" — she took the meat from the icebox and brought it to the stove — was she sure? — the meat was roasting in the oven and Jo began shelling the peas — How could she be sure? She had felt for a long time that her conversation did not hold Dick spellbound. After all — four years! — She was mashing potatoes when she first felt the smiting blow of injustice.

Why didn't they go out more? Girls and boys of their age were just beginning to live, but here they were, practically finished — at least, she was. Yet she was still pretty. Darn pretty, whether Dick realized it or not! She knew her black hair and blue eyes and peachy complexion were a standout on any block. And folding up at twenty-two! Being chummily invited to bake cookies for the Civic League! She mashed the potatoes to a furious lather.

The next day after two harrowing hours of bridge on Sheila Weeks' sun porch, Jo wished she would go cozily mad.

She began thinking of all the smart, soignée things twenty-two-year-olds do on warm, spring afternoons. "They ride in the country," she thought and saw herself sitting against the red

IT HAD TO BE YOU

leather of an open car. She felt the wind blow hard against her face and catch her throat every time she opened her mouth to laugh. There were three other couples piled in somehow on all sides, and they had to shout above the combined whizz of the wind and the motor. Every once in a while the boy next to her — she didn't know just who he was — he wasn't Dick — wouldn't shout; he'd say something just to her.

Or maybe instead she'd be taking the first sail of the year on the Sound. Now she stood on the wide front of the boat and breathed the beauty of the infinite water with spots of sun dancing on the blue ripples. The crowd sitting at her back on the floor of the boat asked her what was the matter — was the sea in her blood? And she laughed and stepped down to them. Someone helped her down, of course.

"Jo!" Sheila's voice brought her sharply back.

She focused her attention on the cards she held. It was a good hand but she turned it down quickly. "I was just thinking it's too nice to play bridge," she said. "Let's go for a ride." It didn't work. These young wives looked forward to Thursday all week. Janet Flowers was glad to be relieved of the children just one day; it gave Mary Keife an excuse for leaving the Spring housecleaning in the middle, and so on and on. It was no use, they had lost the spark, they were old.

Jo finished the rubber and left before the eternal tea and sandwiches. Maybe you couldn't help growing old, but there was just no excuse for getting fat.

Anyway, she had an idea. An idea that kept punctuating her thoughts like the shrill recurrence of a fire whistle. An idea that went home with her and made her shoes click quickly along the pavement. An idea that flashed again and again before her

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mind, until her will was weary with pushing it back. An idea she finally accepted.

Jo sat at her phone, "I know, Viv, but I wanted to get you at work. A home is such a public place — thanks, hon, but I won't take a minute. It's just that I'm going to the dinner dance Monday."

She spoke quietly, definitely. "No, Viv, Dick isn't going — I'm going." Her voice was hurried. "Sometime I'll explain, Viv. But now — just ask Roge to bring someone — someone you don't know. Don't tell him it's for me. Just tell him — someone. Yes, I'll tell Dick — after. Don't think about it, Viv, just do it. Be seeing you, hon. Thanks!"

Jo sat stolidly with her hand on the phone for a moment, then she ran upstairs. She didn't want anything upstairs, she just wanted to run. There was no use trying to explain to herself what she had done. It didn't make sense. All she knew was she wanted to do it . . . something drove her. Yes, that was the weakling's excuse for everything up to and including murder — "I couldn't help it — something made me do it." Even Vivian was shocked. Vivian, the chi-chi girl of Westview. This time she had outdone Vivian Clarke. Well, she was going on a "blind" — she would wear her blue chiffon — she was young again — that was what she wanted.

Thursday . . . Friday . . . Saturday — on Saturday night Jo and Dick drove up to Wellington Inn. He asked her if she wouldn't like the dinner dance Monday night. She had never believed that people's blood actually could run cold, till then.

"I don't want to — this time, Dick," she pulled each word out, against her judgment, almost against her will.

"I know, my martyr," he patted her hand, "You're saving our pennies. Hell with pennies, I want a roarin' good time. How about it?"

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Jo's answer was irritable, "I just don't want to." She regretted it immediately.

"All right, Jo. We won't if you don't want to." When he spoke quietly, Jo knew the issue was closed. Judas was loyal in comparison with herself, she thought.

She refused to look squarely at Dick's face. But she did not have to look up to know that there was a single deep line between his eyes and that his mouth was set, thin-lipped.

She did not sleep well that night and Sunday was a horrible day. She thought of Vivian's glib words; they clattered in her mind like broken dishes. She fought to remind herself of her own arguments — married life made you stodgy — she was so pitifully young to settle down — maybe Dick was having his own good time and she deserved one, too. But she felt ashamed and slightly sick. As for Dick, he tried for normalcy Sunday morning but by evening he had crept into the aloofness that had always enraged Jo. For the first time, she sympathized with his mood.

Monday morning and again at noon, Jo almost called the whole thing off. But each time she sat in front of the phone, Vivian's amused face would rise from the blackness of the mouth-piece and Jo fancied she heard her low voice, "Don't be such a simple soul, Jo darling. Have some fun for a change." "All right," Jo answered the voice, "I'll go — I'm not afraid. I'll make it up to Dick. I'll be good and sweet if he can ever love me again — but how can it be the same?"

As if things weren't bad enough, she came across Dick's letters when she rummaged in her desk late Monday afternoon, and, reading them, she forgot for awhile that she was an unfaithful wife at twenty-two. She was eighteen again, caressing every word she read and feeling as if her love would almost crush her. She remembered how it had always been — she'd see

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something he owned, perhaps a rough scribbling he made on a paper, and to her throat would come the fullness of her heart. She had wanted to cry with the ache of it sometimes. She wanted to cry now — and she did.

By six-thirty, when Vivian phoned, her eyes were small beneath the puffy redness of her lids and two wet handkerchiefs were rolled miserably in her hand. Vivian was "terribly excited" and she thought Jo was "terribly daring." She had decided that it would be better if even Roge didn't know the man. So one of his friends had "just the fellow — good looking, entertaining, and out for a good time himself." He would meet them at the clubhouse, and she and Roge would call for Jo.

Roge Wickes' gray car flew lightly over the road in the diminishing daylight and symbolized the atmosphere — gay, bright, eager. Viv and Jo sat in the back and Roge turned half-way around as he spoke,

"I've only mentioned four times that you're a knock-out, Jo. Would it impress you if I said it again?"

"You're very sweet, Roge."

Vivian caught the melancholy in her voice. "Snap out of it, baby; you're being young and exciting tonight."

It was not until the car swung into the curved driveway that Jo became paralyzed with the immediacy of the thing. A date with someone who was not Dick. There had not been anything like it for years. Why, it was impossible!

The loveliness of the Spring scene at the Westview Club helped, however. The prints and pastels of the summer evening dresses that swarmed over the lawn in the last vestiges of daylight seemed living parts of the lovely bursts of bloom. The big outdoor pool was calm in its desertion. She and Dick loved to swim at this time. Oh, Dick, how could I have done this to you?

IT HAD TO BE YOU

Maybe no one would notice for a while if I sort of slipped out of sight. It would be cowardly, but —.

But no. Vivian was at her side. "Your hour has come, my sweet. And stop that going-to-the-guillotine look."

"What's he like, Vivian?"

"I don't know. The boys are getting together inside." She nodded her head toward the clubhouse. "But look happy, Jo, for heaven's sake. You asked for it." Vivian was slightly annoyed.

"Of course I will, hon. Lets go. I'm dying to meet him," Jo lied vivaciously. She'd keep her end up. She was aware of the fact that she had never looked lovelier and it helped. The noise inside the club began to put her in the spirit of the thing. She felt almost vibrant, and she wished they'd come.

They came right away. A little group moved toward her through the crowd — Roger in the lead. Roge looked awful — totally pale and walking as though each step brought him nearer eternity. "How did I know?" was what Jo heard him say. It was the only thing she heard anyone say. She saw Dick then.

He stood before her. "It seems there's no one to introduce us. We'd better start, don't you think? A man's got to get to know his date. My name is Dick Mattson?" He bowed slightly and smiled the crinkly smile she loved so. She remembered later there was a circle of deadly silence around them.

All she could say was, "Jo."

"Just Jo?" he asked.

"Just Jo."

"Shall we go in and dance, Jo?" She took his arm. "If you get bored," he continued, "I know a good place up the road. A white house — it's got a knocker on the door. You'll like it."

"I won't get bored," she said.

DOSE: *Begin with two teaspoonfuls*

Charmed Bullets

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD.

SHROUDED in the murk of an eerie cave the ancient alchemist worked over his brewing, stewing caldrons, his retorts, his blackened pots. Obscured by filth and weird apparatus, his secret activities were jealously guarded. Strange vessels and furnaces crowded the gloomy place. Bellows, hour glasses, astrolobes, spheres, portions of skeletons hanging from the ceiling, the floor strewn with stone bottles and great hieroglyphic-mottled parchment books; and over all festoons of cobwebs, soot, ashes: all are indications of the alchemist's distraught mind. Thus surrounded, the rascal hid his precious formulas with the patient and passionate purpose of a fanatic fired with a lofty zeal.

Little in common does the modern chemist hold with this picturesque figure of fact and fantasy. His retorts are glistening glass, his vessels shinging copper, his laboratory is vast and illuminated. And the Philosopher's Stone, the will-o'-the-wisp these medieval mystics worshipped, has long been known to every school child as a fairy tale. Transmutations of base metals into the noble metals has been accomplished, but not by any miracle-working stone. Do not believe, however, that all alchemists were knaves and charlatans; though his faith was that of fanaticism, the goal of the true medieval alchemist was the redemption of mankind from pain and drudgery. Gleaming from the dust of an age of mingled romance and distressful reality, this aim is pursued by the chemist of our own day.

Although his language sounds like the incantations that an alchemist might utter, there is no mystery. The hydrochloride of

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4-sulphamido-2, 4-diaminoazobenzene means something very definite and presents as clear a picture to an organic chemist's mind as does sodium chloride to the average alert man.

For those of you who are terrified by such tongue-twisting, jaw-breaking nomenclature as that above, this compound has been nicknamed "prontosil." Because of prontosil the significance of the astounding chemical, sulfanilamide, was established. About thirty years ago in Germany's vast dye trust, I. G. Farbenindustrie, an industrial chemist named Gelmo isolated a coal tar derivative which he named "para-aminobenzenesulfonamide." This was later contracted to "sulfanilamide."

In 1932 a young chemist, Gerhardt Domagk, with his co-worker in Elberfeld, Germany, linked this sulfanilamide to a naphthalene-containing chemical closely related to certain moth repellants. A ruby-red aniline dye was obtained. Titled "prontosil," for three years Rhineland physicians interested in chemotherapy tried it in their clinics. Chemotherapy, the treatment of internal disease by the use of chemical substances which have a specific and immediate toxic effect upon micro-organisms that cause disease, while not poisoning the patient, came into vogue again by the results of these experiments. I say *again* because chemotherapy really had its beginning in folk-lore and primitive medicine. Brazilian Indians of Pizarro's time actually practiced chemotherapy empirically using cinchona (containing quinine) as a specific against certain kinds of malaria.

At first, showing no effect upon always fatal streptococcus germs in the test tube, this prontosil was shoveled around as waste in the plant of the German dye trust. Then it was proven deadly to the very same germs in the bodies of infected mice. Investigators of the Pasteur Institute in Paris cleared up the mystery: said that the body breaks the bond between the moth ball and

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sulfanilamide components of prontosil, and that the latter does the germ-killing. From then on the tremendous value of sulfanilamide rapidly came to be recognized.

In 1937 there began alarming reports in medical literature bristling with two chemical names: insulin and sulfanilamide. These two new and spectacularly successful methods of treating disease had recently come upon the scene. With them had also come two dangers to health and life. In the misuse or careless use of the chemicals as treatment, the shadow of death lurked. The deaths of at least forty-one people, the disability of countless more, the probable ruin of a Southern drug manufacturer, and a nation-wide scare, the like of which had not popped out of medicine cabinets since the Jamaica ginger paralyzed Southwestern drinkers in 1930, emphasized the danger inherent in this potent remedy put on the market by a Southern drug maker. Most victims of the medical catastrophe had been suffering from gonorrhea, some from septic sore throat, had taken the medicine as the latest foe against these diseases. For grave conditions of scarlet fever, erysipelas, and cerebrospinal meningitis, it was hailed as important.

In reddish-brown flasks and yellow labels reading: "*Elixir Sulfanilamide — suggested for the treatment of all conditions in which the hemolytic streptococci appear. Dose — begin with two to three teaspoonfuls in water every four hours. Decrease in 24 hours to 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls and continue until recovery*" the drug was seized upon as the panacea of the moment. Eight persons died in Tulsa, Oklahoma, after taking this proprietary nostrum called Elixir of sulfanilamide. Earl Beard, twenty-six year old Tulsa air-conditioning engineer, began to suffer what were recognized as symptoms of the elixir death. Splitting pains raced through his head, his back began to ache. Within a short time he

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died. After thirty-nine deaths within a week occurred as a result of the new "panacea," things began to happen.

Peppery Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association's *Journal*, called reporters to Chicago, where "for the protection of the public" he gave the news that he was releasing an editorial on the dangers of the elixir. The Washington Chief W. G. Campbell of the United States Food and Drug Administration put all his agents to work tracing shipments of the medicine. American Medical Association chemists in Chicago began breaking down the drug to see what caused death. Each ounce of the fluid was found to contain forty grains of sulfanilamide and 0.72 ounce of diethylene glycol, a chemical relative of one of the leading radiator anti-freezes. To make it more appealing dashes of raspberry extract and caramel flavoring had been added.

From analysis and experimentation it was found that the elixir deaths occurred because the manufacturer and his chemist did not take the trouble to learn the effect of diethylene glycol on the body. They simply found that it would conveniently dissolve enough sulfanilamide so that two teaspoonfuls would contain a useful dose. This is a severe indictment against drug manufacturers and against the medical profession. Often so little is actually known of the true activity of drugs within the body. But, fortunately, it is not too often that this ignorance incurs such cataclysmic results.

Sulfanilamide, thus having regained its honor at the expense of blackening the name of diethylene glycol, began to show infinite possibilities in the field of chemotherapy. Research workers began to shoot this chemical "charmed bullet" at the death-dealing micro-organisms that present an unremitting onslaught upon the human race. The fact that some of the world's greatest chem-

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ists and physicians are joining the hunt for germ-killing compounds, is almost entirely due to the discovery of sulfanilamide. Believers in chemotherapy have been encouraged, many of whom were formerly regarded as medical idealists or crackpots.

Diseases in which sulfanilamide is most effective are caused by bacteria, but among other disease-producing entities are the filterable viruses, called *contagium vivium* — living contagion. Viruses are responsible for sleeping sickness, infantile paralysis, yellow fever, the common cold, and a host of other diseases. But being of sub-microscopic dimensions, it has been nearly impossible to subject them to modes of study applicable to bacteria. Yet even in this little-explored field, sulfanilamide has set scientists thinking in terms of chemotherapy, and some experiments with virus diseases have already been performed.

But to return to the bacteria-produced diseases: in Baltimore, Maryland, a patient suffering from a streptococcic infection of the mastoid bone behind the ear was burning with a fever that skyrocketed to 106 degrees. Sulfanilamide was injected. Twenty-four hours later, the temperature dropped six degrees. After two days, the patient was propped up in bed eating a hearty breakfast. As a test sulfanilamide was given to thirty-eight other "hopeless case" fever victims. Thirty-five recovered.

Extraordinary results have been obtained with the drug in connection with a great variety of diseases. One of the country's largest problems is that of maternal welfare. Each year 14,000 mothers die at childbirth. Conspicuous cause of this is childbed fever, a devastating infection by bacteria that invade the wounds of childbirth. Sulfanilamide was first tried as a treatment for this disease two years ago in England where the over-all childbed fever death rate was 22.8%. The white, innocent-looking powder was given to two hundred stricken mothers by Dr. Leon-

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ard Colebrook, a research man in London. He succeeded in cutting mortality figures to about 5%, the sulfanilamide administration halving the time usually necessary for complete recovery. Tests conducted in a Paris maternity hospital show that the chemical may also be used to *prevent* childbed fever. Over two thousand mothers were treated upon admission to the hospital and after delivery. Something unparalleled happened. Not a single death occurred throughout an entire year from this disease.

Erysipelas, originally called St. Anthony's Fire, is a burning, itching skin disease that usually kills one or two out of every twenty persons it attacks. Deadly at the extremes of age, its infant mortality rates ranges from 75% upwards. Medical records of one thousand sulfanilamide-treated cases show a death rate of less than one per cent! Of the 344 cases of erysipelas treated at Bellevue Hospital in New York, the adult death rate was 1.5%, the child 12.9%. The conclusion was that sulfanilamide is considerably more effective than treatment with erysipelas antitoxin, serum, ultra-violet or X-rays, or local treatment with dressings.

Epidemic meningitis, acute tonsillitis, chronic impetigo, pelvic peritonitis, and possibly undulant fever, which is a disease characterized by remittant fever, pain, and swelling of the joints — transmitted especially through milk, have been affected by sulfanilamide treatment. Even with dogs it has been used. There are about 15,000 dogs in the country; a number of them are diseased. Sulfanilamide was used by doctors from New Jersey and Rutgers University in treating a deadly dog malady. The drug has been used before by doctors for common canine diseases, but it is now found to curb the comparatively rare meningoencephalitis, a condition resembling human infantile paralysis, which kills more than 90% of its untreated canine victims. The

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New Jersey doctors dosed fourteen dogs with sulfanilamide; thirteen recovered!

But it is with pneumonia that this amazing chemical has had such breath-taking results. The most murderous creature at large on the earth is *diplococcus pneumoniae*. This tiny man-killer takes more lives than scarlet and typhoid fevers, malaria, influenza, meningitis, and automobile accidents put together. In 1937 the contribution of sulfanilamide with pneumococcus infections in rabbits was apparent in the increase in per centage survival of the highest physical fitness groups from 33% to 86%.

The initial application of the drug to pneumonia originated in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital Research Institute. For their studies workers selected the deadliest of all the thirty-one pneumonia germs, Type III. After finding that sulfanilamide gave splendid results when fed to pneumonia-stricken rats, they gave it to a series of twenty-five patients who were afflicted with Type III. At the same time, fifty-four Type III cases received only nursing care, symptom-relieving medicines, and rest. Four out of five of the sulfanilamide-treated cases recovered; among the untreated cases, four out of five died!

New evidence of sunfanilamide's effectiveness in pneumococic pneumonia is presented by Drs. Alvin E. Price and Gordon B. Myers of Detroit. The Detroit study is based upon 115 cases of this pneumonia. These were treated with uniform doses of the "charmed bullet" and alternated with forty cases treated with Felton serum, and ninety-four controls who received no specific therapy. For the entire sulfanilamide group, the death rate was 15.7%; for the controls, it was 30.8%. The death rate for the fifty-seven patients with Types I, II, V, VII, and VIII of pneumonia treated with the drug was 10.5%, whereas for the forty patients treated with serum, it was 27.5%. The development of

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anemia was the only unfavorable result, and this did not happen in all cases.

In connection with this anemia, is this almost fabulous deviation: when patients getting sulfanilamide treatment turn blue, as a number of them alarmingly do, it may be helpful to inject into their veins a blue dye, methylene blue. Dr. William B. Wendel, of the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, makes this suggestion on the basis of investigations. Methylene blue is the same dye that was widely heralded a few years ago as a life-saving antidote in cases of carbon monoxide and cyanide poisoning. Dr. Wendel believes that the reason some patients turn blue is because some of the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin in their blood is converted into methemoglobin, a compound which cannot carry oxygen. As a result, the tissues of the body are at least partially suffocated. This, if it went far enough, would end fatally.

When methylene blue is injected into the veins, the methemoglobin disappears rapidly from the blood and is replaced by an equal amount of the hemoglobin. Medical scientists are not all agreed that the cause of the cyanosis (blueness) is due to the development of methemoglobin. But Dr. Wendel reports that he found at least traces of this chemical in the blood of about 98 out of 100 patients treated with sulfanilamide.

We have now seen that the drug is responsible for killing more than one species of bacteria, but there is good reason to believe that we must rob it of some glory. It is believed that the drug cannot act wholly on its own, and needs the body's help in its war against germs. As was cited before, the drug is strangely powerless against streptococci in the test tube. A solution to the mystery may be brought about by some plausible explanation of how the drug really acts when it is within the body.

The Western Pennsylvania Hospital Institute of Pathology

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says that growing germs will eventually kill themselves if their waste products are not removed or neutralized. Of the waste products of pneumonia and streptococcus germs, the most conspicuous is hydrogen peroxide, well known to would-be blondes, and used widely as an antiseptic two or three decades ago. Normally this hydrogen peroxide is destroyed in the blood by an enzyme called catalase, and the growth of the germs is favored. Sulfanilamide, when absorbed by the germs, changes and becomes greatly antagonistic to this enzyme. Thus hydrogen peroxide is not destroyed and the germs "stew in their own juice" as John Pfeiffer aptly puts it. Thus "stewed" the germs are easily eaten by the phagocytic white corpuscles of the blood.

Sobering influences upon the raptures brought about by this bewildering chemical are presented by thoughtful scientists: "Since sulfanilamide was a lucky find, there is no reason to suppose that the chemical is the best possible substance of its kind. Perhaps a rearrangement within the sulfanilamide molecule might result in a far more powerful substance." At present work upon that very possibility is being done, no longer a possibility but an actuality. Two other chemicals are now being tested to combat pneumonia, one of which is a chemical derived from sulfanilamide. The Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh has a drug called hydroxyethyl-apocupreine, nicknamed No. 7; while research men in England are busy with sulfapyridine titled M & B 693 from May & Baker, a large British drug-making house.

Almost as spectacular, though lessened by the achievement of sulfanilamide that came before it, is the success of M & B 693, or sulfapyridine. At the beginning of this year official news came out that there was no reason why the 100,000 of the 450,000 people who get pneumonia in the United States every year should die. At least there was no reason for more than 36,000 of them

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succumbing to the suffocating disease that up to now has been the nation's third best killer. At this news the Food and Drug Administration licensed the sale of sulfapyridine, one of the 1,000 relatives of sulfanilamide, which acts upon all thirty-two pneumonia germs.

First used in England last year in London's Middlesex Hospital, it was given a seven-month workout by conservative experimenters in hospitals all over the United States. In the first large-scale United States clinical report, Dr. Harrison F. Flippin and associates of Philadelphia cautiously announced that the drug reduced pneumonia mortality from about 25% to 4%. Soon Professor Charles F. McKhann of Harvard, dispensing with figures, joyfully proclaimed to the world: "People just won't die from pneumonia any more."

Sulfapyridine has cut the pneumonia death rate by two-thirds. Only eight patients of the total 107 have died of the disease at Johns Hopkins Hospital since July 1, when sulfapyridine treatment was started. This, another charmed bullet shot at the deadly pneumococcus, saves the patient's threatened life apparently by slowing down the growth of the germs. Although it has been used with staphilococci, germs causing boils among other things, the older sulfanilamide is more reliable because it is more readily absorbed. At least five million persons in the United States have been treated with sulfanilamide.

So ends the fascinating tale of research that has had reverberations throughout the medical and chemical worlds. A Philosopher's Stone in medicine, discovered and perfected by diligent men who have inherited their courage and determination from the lofty zeal of the ancient alchemist — sulfanilamide, its relatives, its derivatives, hold a unique position as instruments in chemotherapy.

People Like That—

DON'T LIVE FOREVER

ALICE HARRAHILL

A SLIGHT breeze fluttered the curtain and Mary Lou glanced out of the French window longingly. How lovely and green the grass was! It looked peaceful out there under the old apple tree. But almost any place would seem beautiful by comparison.

"I can't stand this room any longer. I wish I hadn't promised mother. If only he would ——."

"Turn the page now, Lou," said her father, shortly.

Why must he call me that, thought Mary Lou. He knows I hate that name. Besides he could very well turn the page himself instead of making me hang around here all afternoon while he reads the paper. He knew how much I wanted to play tennis. He probably gloated when he heard me calling Ted to break the date. I should have closed the door.

"And my cigarettes, too." Her father seemed to wait deliberately until Mary Lou had sat down again.

I can't help it, Mary Lou thought as she leaned over to light his cigarette. I do hate him and I'm not ashamed of it. He's horrible. If he were really sick I wouldn't mind — the doctor says he can do almost everything for himself. He just babies himself. I don't see how mother has stood him all these years.

She got up and walked out onto the balcony. She breathed deeply, for the salt air from the Sound was fresh and tangy. In the distance two shades of blue met and blended — the sky and the water.

What a relief to get away from him for a minute, she reflected. But the respite was brief. Her father's rasping voice sum-

moned her again. For a wild moment Mary Lou thought of jumping over the balcony. She saw her body crumpled on the pavement just below, and thought how grieved her mother would be; but he wouldn't care at all. She turned and quietly walked inside.

"Close that window. There is an infernal breeze messing my paper," her father said irritably. "Nothing to see outside, anyhow." He rustled the newspaper.

She had better not answer him. He might fly into another of his rages. The last time he was crossed he had thrown a vase through the living room window. Mary Lou knew he had meant to hit her brother, John. Her mother had pleaded with him to be calm and this had only made him worse. The doctor warned him that one day a stroke would result from such a rage. No such luck, thought Mary Lou. People like that just live on forever.

He seemed always to have been a tyrant. Even when she was little she had disliked him — but then she had been afraid as well. The day the grocery man had given her the little white kitten and her father had made her bring it back. He had threatened to drown it if she did not. All the way down to the village she had clutched the tiny frightened creature and had sobbed frantically. There had been people in the store when she burst in crying: "Father says I mustn't keep it."

One of the women had stooped down to comfort her, murmuring, "Poor child."

I suppose the way he acts was no more of a secret then than it is now, thought Mary Lou. Mother's friends must know but I think they sympathize. Once, before he had been so ill, her mother invited a few women to tea. Everything had been carefully prepared and John had asked his father to go out for an automobile ride. Mary Lou had been suspicious when he agreed

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so readily to go. But she was glad for her mother's sake. When the ladies arrived on the day of the tea, however, he was still puttering about. And they were hardly seated in the living room when he had stamped into the room in his shirt-sleeves and without a word of greeting had snarled at his wife:

"Where the devil did you put the coat to my grey suit? If you can leave off gossiping for a minute, go and look for it."

The guests had left very early that afternoon and had not been asked since.

Mary Lou had tried to regard him quite objectively. He is neurotic and unbalanced, she reminded herself.

The last nurse Mother had had for him had advised her to put Father in a nursing home. She was the third nurse in six months! The other two had left — one had pleaded illness. The last one, Scotty, had been more rugged and several times had dared to displease him. Finally he had fired her himself. Mary Lou remembered that awful day very well. All the way to the front door she had heard him shouting at Scotty: "Get out! Get out! Do you hear me? No woman is telling me what to do!"

Yet Scotty had merely suggested that a walk in the sunshine would do him good. So he had fired her in a rage and locked himself in his room and no amount of pleading on his wife's part made him open the door.

What a terrible mistake it was for mother to resign herself to taking care of him. He calls for her at least five times during the night. I would just pretend I hadn't heard him. Her father interrupted her thoughts.

"What time is it?"

"Four-thirty, Father."

"Time your mother was home. Just a lot of tomfoolery,

PEOPLE LIKE THAT —

this taking a course in literature. She should be home taking care of me — not out gallivanting."

Mad again, Mary Lou thought. Well, I'm glad you are. She had persuaded her mother to take this summer course and had promised to look after father patiently. Now she was regretting the patience part of the promise. How she would enjoy telling him just what she thought of him!

I feel as if he has always looked just like this, Mary Lou thought — all comfortable with pillows and blankets and wearing that smug cruel look on his face. What does he think about, I wonder? He never does anything except sleep, eat, read and make his family miserable.

Some day I should love to have a crowd at the house or even keep a date in comfort and not have to hurry off the minute a boy arrives.

She jumped up from the chair and opened the window again. The air was stifling and she felt like defying him.

"Mary Lou, close that window at once and get my medicine." Her father spoke sharply.

I shall scream at him, she thought. I don't care what I promised Mother. But the sound of a car pulling up in front of the house diverted her.

"Mother is coming," she said. "I'll go down to open the door. She was almost forgetting her anger at the prospect of escape from the room.

"Your mother can wait. Don't you be thoughtless like she is. Get my medicine at once." Her father's voice rose dangerously.

Just for a second she suffered an overwhelming temptation to dash out of the room but the thought of a scene and how it would upset her mother stopped her. She stumbled, blind with anger, to the dresser.

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"It won't hurt your mother to be kept waiting. She didn't mind keeping me waiting for my breakfast this morning, and she went out this afternoon even though I told her not to. I give her everything she wants — plenty of money, a lovely home, a maid. And you — you ungrateful snip — aren't you going to the best college this September? Where would you be if it were not for my money? Yet the minute your mother arrives you must run to greet her. Just wait until she comes up to see me. I'll tell her where she gets off." He stopped his tirade long enough to lie back on the pillows from which he had raised himself in his anger.

"And furthermore ——." On and on he went, now more thoroughly aroused.

But Mary Lou did not hear him. Thoughts crowded in upon her. Everything, he had said. Yes, perhaps he did give everything — everything that is, but love and consideration. She no longer thought coherently as she grabbed the medicine bottle, and the words in red letters jumped out at her: "One teaspoon, only, for a dose."

Now she knew — she would give him three or even four for a dose. Put an end to the suffering he inflicted on her mother, on them all. Hastily she measured it out, spilling some of the medicine on the dresser. The room had receded — there was only the glass, the spoon, the medicine and that horrible old man on the bed.

I wish my hand would stop trembling, she thought, as she walked toward the bed.

Her father snatched the glass from her hand and at once sanity came back. What was she doing? This was murder. And this man was her father.

She must stop him. She opened her mouth and formed the

PEOPLE LIKE THAT —

words but no sound came. Violently she leaned forward and knocked the glass from his hand. It shattered to the floor and the contents formed an ugly brown stain.

"What are you doing?" her father shouted, springing upright in the bed. His face was distorted with anger, his hands raised to strike her. Then with a sudden excess of fury, he leaped to the floor and lurched unsteadily towards her. Quickly she backed away. And at once, to her horror, he fell in a crumpled heap at her feet. His body writhed painfully and then, as Mary Lou stared, fascinated, he became very quiet.

How grotesque he looks, thought Mary Lou irrelevantly. The doctor said this would happen, she remembered.

The door bell ringing loudly and anxiously recalled her to her senses. Her mother was waiting. She knew she must go to her and say: "I'm sorry mother, I broke my promise — I could not help it."

But her mother understood as Mary Lou had known she would — even when the doctor arrived and pronounced her father dead.



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A Dream One Night

I had a dream one night, a vivid thing.
And as I slumbered in deep purple space
There crashed around me worlds of light.
A fantasy of motion seared my eyes:
Bizarre and fancied shapes. And forms unknown —
Capricious, strange — whirled in a pool of flame.
Discord ran riot in a place grotesque
With dazzling atoms wheeling blindly there.
It was a world of microscopic things
Grown wild — exhausting with its too loud hues.

I woke to know the symmetry and calm
Of trees, their netted branches dipped in sky
Whose shadowed depth is banded with bright flecks
At night. The witcheries of wind-spilled sea
And cadences of saffron cloud unite
To form a harmony. Do not reject
This world of ours, though simple as it seems;
For unity is here in shimmering rain,
Yes, in the tinted tracings of the sun
And in blue dusk that sheathes a tired day.

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD '40.

Ah! Bright Wings

"blinding as they rise above us"

PSEUDO NYM

IN 1863 there came up to Balliol a boy of nineteen and the ancient walls of Oxford withstood the shock of his coming equably, the Oxford dons going phlegmatically about their business while the undergraduates, as always, embraced the creed of mind or matter according to their lights. True, young Hopkins was the possessor of a scholarship, a boy of precocious ability but, incidental to the highly patriotic and humanitarian work of producing gentlemen, Oxford had, sometimes against her better judgment, as a kind of by-product or back-wash, peopled England with a flood of scholars. Amiable curates learned in Greek literature but ignorant of the needs of their flock, retiring, studious Fellows basking in the uncertain glory of a college reputation, this was what had become of students as promising as Hopkins, men with minds as brilliant. True, the lad wrote poetry but that in 1863, as now, was a common undergraduate failing. Furthermore, a critic of discernment would have seen little future for Hopkins in the pursuit of poetry. Such verse as he had written was undeniably of a high quality; yet, though it had won him a school prize, it was, for the most part a cloyingly sweet echo of Keats: facile, full of color and sensuous delight in the world of nature, but written in a style already in a fatal lethargy, lushly dying amid the fading flowers of the Romantic movement. The total effect of *The Vision of Mermaids*, lovely as it is, is reminiscent of these lines in one of his early poems:

" . . . A little sickness in the air
From too much fragrance everywhere: . . . "

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Ornate descriptions of Gothic architecture, sentimental musings on death and an outmoded, archaic turn of expression was the stock in trade he had in common with his contemporaries, and this equipment, left to itself, would have culminated in what? Even the greatest talent cannot quicken the corpse of a movement in its decadence.

His precocity was not confined to poetry. When he was about five, he had been taught painting¹ and so apt a student was he that he had been encouraged to make it his life's work. One other interest which he shared with his sister as he shared art with his brother, Arthur, may have discovered a companion inclination in another Oxford undergraduate; a young fellow called Bridges, Robert Bridges, who pulled a good oar in his college shell and who was destined for the medical profession. But it was first and foremost as a composer of charming songs that Gerard remembered him for years after.² Besides Bridges, other men were attracted to Gerard Manley Hopkins and we hear of teas, breakfast parties and walking trips in the company of Addis, Macfarlane and Garrett as well as the visit to Rochedale, Bridges' home. It was this visit, occurring during Gerard Hopkins' last year at Oxford that saw the manifestations of a great spiritual change which was to affect his life to the smallest detail, including, of course, his poetry. Bridges saw only that his friend was preoccupied and behaved oddly at times but diplomatically said nothing. We have evidence of this in a letter written to him some time later by Hopkins, expressing appreciation for the other's forbearance. What Bridges could not have known was that Gerard had irrevocably decided to become a Roman Catholic. Indeed, immediately after returning from Rochedale, Gerard wrote to Newman acquainting him with his intention of entering the Church and asking what he should do.

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What, it might be asked, contributed to this conversion? Why should the son of a respectable retired consular official, the scion of a High Church family join the communion of a Church which was looked on by most well-bred Englishmen with a measure of contempt and distrust of which we, today, can have no conception? The answer is a comparatively simple one: the combination of Gerard Hopkins's character with the Oxford of the sixties. The shadow of Newman still fell on Oxford, the Tractarian movement was not yet dead. The university was torn between Rome and Canterbury while, more and more, the tendency was toward ritualism, in the Tractarian churches at least, and the inclusion of ceremonies that would have hitherto been frowned upon as "Papistical." For a time it is true, Gerard leaned slightly toward the rationalism of Jowett who, deeply impressed with the younger man's knowledge of Greek, called him "The Star of Balliol," the most learned scholar the college had. This attitude of doubt under the influence of a great personality was a fleeting one and it is nearer the truth to think of Hopkins, at this time, as one of the earnest youths confessing to Liddon, later to Pusey, anxious about his spiritual welfare and finding his greatest pleasure in the company of men like Dolben and Bridges who then had dreams of entering a monastery.³ Gradually, he showed signs of drawing away from Liddon and Pusey; according to one of his friends he "went further"⁴ than any of the others and before long he had gone all the way as his letter to Newman indicated. Instantly, he was aware that he could not take the contemplated step with impunity. The response he received from his parents was, as he himself wrote to Newman, "too terrible to read" and his erstwhile confessor, Pusey, when Hopkins asked for an interview at his parents' insistence, replied in a curt note⁵ distinguished by its civilized brutality and ungenerous pique. Liddon, too, bombarded him with letters, begging him to reconsider.

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It was now that Gerard displayed the firmness and courage that at Highgate had led him to go without drink for three weeks in order to demonstrate the power of human endurance. Although his long, pale face, gentle eyes and lank brown hair conspired to give him an appearance of dreamy languor, almost effeminacy, his friends testify to an entirely different personality.⁶ He was fearless in living true to his convictions with no thought of sparing himself in the process and heeding public opinion not at all. This is sufficiently clear from his eccentric experiments while a schoolboy though a more mature indication is the program he drew up for himself during Lent of 1866:

"No pudding on Sundays. No tea except if to keep me awake and then without sugar. Meat only once a day. *No verses in Passion Week or on Friday.* (Italics my own). Not to sit in armchair except can work in no other way. Ash Wednesday and Good Friday bread and water."⁷

Therefore, in spite of all opposition, he was baptized by Newman and, what is more, returned to college where he took a double first in "Greats"⁸ though he must have been aware there would be inevitable unpleasantness in encounters with his former mentors. Two years after graduation, following an interval of teaching at Newman's Oratory in Birmingham, some natural misgivings being laid at rest, he became a Jesuit Novice. And then he did something which, I suppose, most writers do at some time in their careers; he burned the poems of his youth. But for how different a reason from most poets! He writes to Bridges in August, 1868:

"I cannot send my *Summa* for it is burnt with my other verses: I saw they would interfere with my state and vocation."⁹

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For seven years, then, he wrote nothing, devoting himself completely to the Ignatian discipline. One poem he did allow himself to write, *Winter with the Gulf Stream*, conventional enough as to meter but showing an intensification of the sensual apprehension inherent in his early poems. "Frost-furred" ivies, "hoarse leaves crawling on hissing ground" are the fruit of the minute observations recorded in his journal which he continued to keep after his entrance into the Society. However, while the moon "in scarves of silky shot and shine" gives promise of the later Hopkins, he is still addicted to "beryl-covered fens" and the like.

In 1875, it happened that five nuns, exiled from Germany as the result of Bismarck's *Kulterkampf*, were drowned in the wreck of the steamer, *Deutschland*. Three years later, Hopkins wrote to Richard W. Dixon who was once his master at the Highgate school, ". . . I was affected by the account (of the wreck of the *Deutschland*) and happening to say so to my rector he said that he wished some one would write a poem on the subject. On this hint I set to work . . . I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which now I realized on paper . . ."¹⁰

To this new rhythm he gave the name of Sprung Rhythm, meaning short or abrupt. Carefully, he explained it to Dixon and Bridges in letters as well as in the preface he hopelessly wrote for an edition of his poems which he knew would never materialize. In effect, it is merely common or running rhythm "counterpointed" throughout so that the original rhythm is lost and a new one appears. By counterpoint, Hopkins meant using reversed feet in two adjacent feet, a reversed foot being, of course, one with the stress and slack in reverse order to the rest of the line. Now, Sprung Rhythm, when regular, has from one to four syllables to a foot but any number of weak syllables may be used as a permissible irregularity. The stress must, however, come on the first syllable in the foot always. The extra weak syllables are

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not counted in the scanning and are used to check the speed of the verse, holding back the thought as a dam does a surging body of water. From this description, it would seem that Sprung Rhythm is similar to the Old English alliterative verse which was measured by the number of stressed syllables, any number of unstressed syllables being permitted to the line, provided that there were four stresses, three of which were alliterative.

In strict theory, Hopkins's rhythm differs from the meter of *Beowulf* because he allowed no more than four syllables to the foot but with the extra slacks or "outriders" there is little distinction. Also, by the fact of his later mentioning *Piers Plowman*, the fourteenth century revival of the old alliterative form, more weight is added to the impression that the early English played a part in his new system of rhythm. However, this is denied by critics who say that, while at college, he did not study Anglo-Saxon and that he did not read *Piers Plowman* until after he had written *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, his first poem to be composed according to his metrical theory. Be that as it may, he used Sprung Rhythm because he claimed that it was the rhythm of common speech, of all except "monotonously regular music" and so, admirably suited to his purpose. Fortunately, to enjoy Hopkins's poetry, it is quite unnecessary to concern ourselves with his prosody or his metrical innovations and most are agreed on ignoring his technicalities.

Even doing so, the few to whom he showed his work found it obscure and strange. The Jesuit magazine, *The Month*, timidly refused to print the *Wreck of the Deutschland*, while Coventry Patmore, whom he met in 1883, was temperamentally incapable of comprehending it at all, though he acknowledged he was always averse to departures from the traditional and felt his taste to be at fault since Bridges "went all the way" with Hopkins. But in that Patmore was wrong; Bridges did not go all the way.

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He admired Gerard's craftsmanship, he saw the beauty of his verses, yes, but he could never clearly comprehend his friend's originality. The world owes a great deal to Robert Bridges for his wise and loving care of "Gerard's Legacy" but from the correspondence between them as it stands, we somehow get a picture of a carping critic, a difficult friend who doubted the sincerity of Hopkins's strongest beliefs.¹¹ The only person who really understood what he was attempting, a friend whose discriminating encouragement must have meant much to the young poet who wrote that it killed him "to be Time's eunuch and never to beget" and who never discounted the inspiration that hope of publication and face gives to any writer, the only one was Dixon. Gerard had been prompted to write to him through extreme admiration of Dixon's little known poetry and the Canon replied, recalling the thoughtful, solitary boy who dreamed through the days at Highgate and won a prize there for poetry. It was Dixon who applied the now famous phrase to Hopkins's poetry, "terrible pathos."

Yet, we must not look too severely on Patmore and Bridges for even we, reared on the irregularities of Sandburg and H. D., though we do not stumble over Hopkins's meter as Patmore did, find his poetry obscure and hard to understand. The primary cause of this is probably the condensation of his poems which, while a source of vigor is yet the spring of misunderstanding. Gerard Manley Hopkins's only defense for this tightly-packed verse was that, in order to have room for poetic words, he was forced to delete all toneless elements such as relative pronouns, occasional adjectives and prepositions. Abiding by this rule gave rise to the lines in the *Loss of the Eurydice*:

"O Well wept, mother have lost son;

Wept wife; wept sweetheart would be one."

With the omitted words inserted they might read like this: O

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well wept, mother who has lost a son, Well wept wife and sweet-heart who would be a wife. Flowing from the same virtue of condensation is the image distilled into two or three pregnant words all run together as though the conception had come to the poet in a flash. Such words are "fallowbootfellow," "rook-racked" and "dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon."

His vocabulary inclines to the Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin element of the language and the heaped-up epithets, the hyphenated words that are almost kennings, make this all the more obvious. Like all good poets, when Gerard Hopkins found no word to suit his purpose, he coined one and since his coinages are mostly combinations of existing words, it is necessary for us to somewhat dissociate our minds from the meaning of the old word before we can fully apprehend the new. Also, whenever the opportunity presented itself for learning a new word for a familiar thing or a new shade of meaning in a familiar word, Hopkins was always ready for it. His journals show pages devoted to the Greek derivations of English words and new expressions learned from his fellow Jesuits who had come from varied localities and walks of life. For instance, there is one entry reading, "Brother Sidgreaves has heard the high ridges of a field called *folds* and the hollow between the *drip*" and another, "stickles — foamy tongues of water below falls." This careful exactness and solicitude for the right word resulted from and, at the same time, caused the sharp observation that was able to note in detail the action of steam rising from a cup of chocolate and the curious formation of icicles on a broken piece of crockery lying in a corner of the garden at Stonyhurst.¹²

Still another obstacle to understanding is the use of words having the same form for different parts of speech. In the very first stanza of the *Deutschland* we read, "Thou mastering me God!" Naturally, at first sight we take "mastering" to be a verb

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but it is not until we are more accustomed to our poet that we realize that "mastering-me" is almost an adjective modifying "God." When he interprets one sensation in terms of another it need not be confusing though some have found it so. The meaning is clear when he speaks, in his journal, of the "orange peeling of the Mitton bells" or of the lark singing in "crisps of curl off wild winch." More troublesome are the many O's and ah's, the repetitions, the long parentheses suspending the thought so long that we lose the thread of coherence and the other devices that he employs to imitate the effort of conversation. To counteract his lack of intelligibility, Hopkins resorted to explanations, exhortations to read him aloud and finally, to the definition of two kinds of clearness: one consequent on effortless reading, the other a "kind of explosion out of darkness" so that comprehension bursts on the reader like a rocket. His obscurity never goes to the length that some of his self-styled followers do. He never, for example, indulges in the private symbolism that some of them practice. Elizabeth Phaere points out that the inscape or pattern of the bluebell epitomizes to Hopkins the beauty of God and yet in not one of his poems do we find the bluebell used to evoke that concept.

His imagery is a compound of startling words and detailed, authentic observation. Together they give an intense, almost physical pleasure that can come only from the expression of a man acutely conscious of his body and the legitimate pleasures he can obtain through his senses. Never once would Gerard Manley Hopkins stop to consider that he was over-sensuous, never could he have understood the critics speaking with half-averted eyes of his "sensuous ascetism." After all, he was a Catholic and believing implicitly in the substantial union of soul and body with the consciousness that man, as man, is neither all soul nor all matter, what could he do but write with the whole man.

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His senses were as much a part of him as his soul; they had come from God equally with it and they were to be used, according to the Creator's plan, of course, but certainly to be used. This sensuousness is a point that many of his lay commentators veer away from, skirting it with oh-so-careful steps and yet, it is without a doubt, the great glory of the poems written before 1885. Because of it we have the juicy vitality of *Hurrahing in Harvest*, the description of youthful loveliness, which to be saved must be surrendered, in the *Golden Echo*.

Moreover, it is through his senses that he is to reach God. They are his contact with nature wherein he finds the Maker since the inscapes of the world are indicative of the beauty of the Creator. And so he delights in the dappled splendor of the earth, the parti-colored clouds, the brocade of darder leaves against the black night, the "drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple" of the apple blossoms. Loving all things mottled, odd and individual, beauty was always to be for him, as in an early essay he defines it, symmetry with a difference.

With all this portraying of color and texture, the infinite variety of beautiful things, it might seem that Hopkins' poetry would become emasculated. It did not. Writing with the whole man worked two ways for if he did not sacrifice the sensitive part of his nature to the rational, neither did he permit his senses to dominate his rationality. Not that he is ever primarily an intellectual poet but that there is, in the very essence, of his work a kind of intellectual hardness, a virility like the steel skeleton of a cloud-towering skyscraper. The very severity of the religious experiences from which he fashioned his poems is responsible for this masculinity because he did suffer, not as the frail young priest sinking under a harsh discipline, in alien surroundings separated from sympathetic companions and panting for the fame he was cruelly prevented from grasping; that is mere sentimentality. He

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suffered as the strong suffer, terribly, with a tearing agony, no prettiness about it but beautiful with the grandeur of starkness. The cause of this anguish was the same as the mainspring of his original poetry, his individuality. Always he had been apart, always he had claimed individual freedom¹³ and now he felt, indeed said, that the Jesuits distrusted brilliance, there was no place for the individual in the Society. Certainly, though he felt it right it was no easy matter to submerge himself as a soldier in the ranks of Christ.

Most of all, he felt the absence of inspiration: composition did not come easily to him and this inability to do the work he loved was to harass him until his death. "Love, in particular, is the great moving power and spring of verse," he wrote, "and the only person that I am in love with seldom, especially now, stirs my heart sensibly and when he does I cannot always make capital of it, it would be a sacrilege to do so."¹⁴ This frustration, this feeling of exile is echoed in some of his most beautiful poems, the "terrible sonnets," their lines written in brine and blood. Still, we cannot deplore the sufferings that produced these sonnets for a poet belongs to posterity and posterity is cruel. It constitutes itself an impartial judge of a man's achievements, discounting the fearful personal cost; but though posterity is cruel, it is correct. We must remember, however, not to judge the whole tenor of a man's existence by the tone of a part of his work, a thing most critics are only too ready to do. It would be impossible for a man to live under such a strain always and there are indications in plenty in the poems and letters that Hopkins was often happy, at peace with himself. Apparently, through the years, he was regarded simply as a slightly eccentric priest, quietly corresponding with his three poet friends, himself possessing some slight ability in versification as evinced by one or two presentation pieces he had written.

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Finally, after obediently teaching at Stonyhurst, Roehampton or wherever his superiors might decide, his scholastic ability was given recognition by the offer of the chair of Greek at the Royal University in Dublin. This, however, but added to his depression. The atmosphere of Ireland was alien to him, his work left him little time for writing and his excessive scrupulosity kept him awake far into the night debating over his pupils' grades. In 1889, physically worn out, he succumbed to typhoid and died in his beloved month of June murmuring, "I am so happy, I am so happy."

He once said, "If we care for fine verses how much more for a noble life" and it was this "noble life" that was primarily his aim. But to gain something we must always sacrifice something and in aspiring to eternal life what could Hopkins expect cleaving to a Master who only said, "Take up your cross and follow Me!" Therefore, Gerard Manley Hopkins forfeited all he had, his life and the winged fruit of his body and soul. Characteristically generous, Christ sublimated the first in life everlasting and the poetry that its begetter had condemned to premature death was granted posthumous life.

And so this sensitive poet and courageous man has achieved, in the world's own terms, victory where the world, short-sightedly, would have seen only defeat. Even now it would wrest from him his double conquest, minimizing the sanctity to which Patmore and Dixon paid tribute; Patmore to the extent, some believe, of burning his *Sponsa Dei* at a word from Hopkins. But he is secure in his triumph and his glory is the glory of his own wind-hover, wheeling, dipping in vigorous, soaring flight, the dazzle of his bright wings blinding as he rises above us, nearer and nearer the sun.

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- 1 Lahey, Gerald F., *Gerard Manley Hopkins*, London, Humphrey Milford, 1930.
 - 2 It is probable that Hopkins knew nothing of Bridges' poetry until 1874 when he writes after a silence of three years, "... in last week's *Academy* I came upon an appreciative review of a Mr. Bridges' poems ... and the characteristics ... in the poems were true to you."
 - 3 Leslie, Shane, *The Oxford Movement 1833-1933*, Milwaukee, The Bruce Publishing Co., p. 74.
 - 4 Lahey, *op. cit.*, A letter from W. E. Addis, "Soon before his reception by Newman he used to invoke the Saints and became full of devotion to the Mother of Our Lord. This would astonish me, for nobody else I knew 'went so far'."
 - 5 Abbott, Claude Collier, *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, London, 1938, Appendix III, p. 352.
 - 6 House, Humphrey, *Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, London, 1937. Brother Henry Marchant writes of him, "Some would say that he appeared effeminate: he was *certainly* not that ... He had a strong manly will of his own ... He spoke out pretty straight what he thought."
 - 7 House, *op. cit.*, p. 53. It seems clear from the italicized words that Hopkins, even in 1866 while still at Oxford and a non-Catholic, considered his poetry secondary to the welfare of his soul.
 - 8 According to the English Dictionary a place in the first class in final examinations in two different subjects, in examinations leading to A.B.
 - 9 Abbott, C., *Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges*, London, 1935, p. 24.
 - 10 Abbott, C., *Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon*, London, 1935, p. 14.
 - 11 *Letters to Bridges*, p. 148. Speaking of a precession, Hopkins defends his sincerity in his Catholic practices to Bridges. "You sometimes speak as though they had in reality none (meaning) for me and that you were only waiting with a certain disgust till I too should be disgusted with myself enough to throw off the mask."
 - 12 *Notebooks and Papers*. A French Jesuit, writing in 1934, tells of the tradition concerning this incident which Hopkins mentions in his journal obviously unconscious that it had been observed.
 " 'Do you see that young man,' said an old priest to the gardener of Saint Mary's Hall at Stonyhurst, pointing to the Scholastic, Gerard Hopkins, 'he is a very learned scholar.'
 'Impossible!' answered the gardener, 'I watched him the other day looking at a piece of glass in the garden, turning it all about. I took him for a simpleton, a natural.' "
- From the French of Andre Bremond, S.J.
- 13 *Letters to Dixon*. A recollection from Highgate days, "... I remember your saying that ending pentameters with words of two syllables as a rule was only authorized by one poet, Ovid: and that you considered yourself entitled to the freedom of Tibullus."
 - 14 *Letters to Bridges*, p. 66.

MEANT FOR MEMORY

by DOROTHY ZWIER.

I MUST tell you my story. I call it "mine" as if I might treasure it; yet it dangles in my thoughts like the sight of a smooth and shining dagger blade, and the feel of the ragged, gaping wound of blood and filth that such affords. My words you won't forget; you can't forget.

If you relate my story, your listeners will laugh, shrug or sneer that we three could ever have been. It was too nakedly real for the world's accepted "reality."

The two sisters were active. I was the passive element always. They had thought openly and expressed primitively their ideas and remembrances. For long years they had become coolly isolated from the world. Their utterances were simply quiet, unfeeling in expression, yet rooted in a perception poignant and piercing. Both were so separate, so complete in themselves.

I lived with these two women many years. I was their housekeeper, their guardian, their nurse and their unconscious confessor. Anne was the elder by seven years, the younger by two experiences. At forty-six she was slight, sly, bland, and harmless to notice. Her curler-kinked hair was mustard-colored and a bit gray. Anne's eyes were heavy-lidded, a watery mist of weak blue with crinkled crow's-feet corners which collected years of outward bewilderment, hesitancy, weariness, in a myriad of grossly tiny lines. As our lives unwound, she grew more palely bright, more obnoxious in my conception of her. She injured my placidity by her own freakish peace; she outraged my subjective

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sensations of strength by her own small body and her inconsequent power; she insulted my existence by her undefined flights of reckless personal disorder.

Anne looked the gentler, humbler of the two because Jane was always so shocking at first glance. In spite of familiar acquaintance, the first moment you met her every morning you instinctively stiffened. You mentally and deliberately recorded the white, glistening scar, puckering a jagged circonflex over the thick, dark line of her left eyebrow. Your eyes automatically followed the broad band of virgin-white hair which streaked back in clear contrast with the remaining ebony blackness. Her mouth was wide and sensuous, her neck prematurely creped, her figure loosely angular and softly strong in its height. She seemed eons old; was childish in her outbursts. Her appearance was so concrete in its impression that the real Jane was nothing but an unrealized abstractness. She was Jane of the wild and beautiful youth and the shrivelled and exhaustive end.

"Sister Anne" and "Sister Jane" they had come to call one another lately, as if in a mock and solemn and involuntary jest. I spoke of the "Misses" or merely "Miss." I disliked pronouncing their names. How glad I am that I shall never hear those vaguely detached voices again! Often I would wake in the night to hear a swift rush of fleeing footsteps on the great front staircase, a mounting cascade of hollow, gleeful laughter, and an empty, blanketing silence. Then sometimes I would hear, "Sister Jane, Sister Jane," trembling on the air like a quivering harp string gently touched, or like swaying sunlight patterned among the breeze-blown ground-shadows of flickering leaves. Then the door would lock and I would hear no more. But I could imagine again what I had seen before. Anne, rocking her body in silent rhythm as she climbed the stairs; Anne, a smile distorting her

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drawn lips and with her arms folded over her stomach, hugging tight and twisted her green silk wrapper.

I would have to lie awake and haunted through the centuries of the night. At the dawn I would have to glide through the east wing to the sorrowing garden. There Jane would always be — alone, quite alone. Her dark eyes would be at once a well of wonder, a pool of bewilderment, an eddy of despair. So I found her that last morning. Only she looked cool, clear, clean inside — as if she had bathed in a crystal-flowing mountain stream and had captured the rainbow potentialities from its rippling surface. Her right hand had crushed flat the dignity of a red rhododendron cluster. She mutely unclasped her hand, relaxing it palm up toward me. I was frightened and stepped back. Jane smiled.

"The dew . . . my tears . . . we are both dead," she murmured. "The white of my hair has paid for my lover . . . the hurt on my brow for my child . . . the death in my existence for *her* . . ."

"Come now, Miss," I pleaded, "you'll catch your death in this here morning chill. Come to bed now. I'll be bringing you up a cup of tea right soon, I will. Miss Anne will be coming out a minute now and —."

"Stop," she breathed, and she seemed to crumple slowly inside, like a withered elm leaf powders to dust at touch.

But she did not let me touch her. She went straight through the side door swiftly. And I was left to follow, unfeeling, into the kitchen. Before, I remember, she used to stand wild and white and whipped-looking with the night's quest in her hair and failure in the slant of her shoulders. If it were autumn, the last defiant colors of maple leaves would whisk against her slippered toes in mute, clinging touch. And the frost on the garden bushes would somehow seem the powder of her lost youth. She

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would be dry and trembling, willing to go back to the house from which she had run in childish escape. But in the spring, as that last time, she had troubled me increasingly. Sometimes I almost hated her because she unwittingly worried me. I was afraid, always afraid that Jane might kill herself.

How much longer would this go on! How many more hours and days would pass in almost absolute silence! Would they eat together today? This house was too tragic, too alone, too dead. Too many unnatural circumstances walled it in. It was too far away from the village in the valley. The only noise was the water bubbling up in the tea kettle and rolling over. I put the tea in to brew. The sun stuck long fingers through the windows, slightly ajar. There had been no visitors here in months. They had no friends, and the village folk shied clear of a crazy woman's house. I picked up the tea things, went up the kitchen steps into the narrow hall, climbed the turning staircase. The darkened stairs down which Jane had eloped. The stairs on which their father had stabbed himself. Where Anne and Jane once played; where Jane had tumbled and lost her child.

I knocked on Anne's door and pushed my way in. She was sitting in her great chair by the window.

"Well. Put my cup on the table. Did you let her in? Did you find her and bring her back in here? Did you?" She smiled vacantly at me.

"Yes, Miss. She's in her room. She looked strange, Miss. She was all calm as though she had found *him* or something, Miss. She seemed all determined about something, Miss. But I don't think ——."

"Enough of that. Lock her in her room. Right away. She mustn't be free on a day in the spring like this."

Anne sat still and looked at me. She was thinking (and

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so was I) about that day in the spring when Jane had come home. Home to a dead father and a sister so passionately angry at her who had run away with the one man she wanted to marry. She teemed with hatred that welled in her heart and mind. Yet she had meticulously concealed her venom; and when the tragic pollen of fate blew into her grasp, she treasured it to fertilize the future — to cross and recross a sensitive soul with a word or two, an act or two, a potent suggestion and a pregnant implication. Over the years she had achieved her shallow scheming. She kept Jane. She molded her mind and spirit from the beginning as she planned — a soft, wet, and gray clay mass. But she never knew the secret of Jane's return, and Jane came through changed, yet shifting — elusive like wet sand, drying to looseness and burnt individuality.

I felt heavy, and turned from the little figure to Jane's room. She was sitting, kneeling, on the floor with a big dress shears in her left hand. She had dragged some clothing from the wardrobe in the sewing room, and her lap was showered with tiny squares. Anne's dresses. Her summer things, old things.

"She won't need them . . . she won't need them," Jane was crooning softly, swiftly to herself. She paid no attention to me nor my remonstrances, so I shrugged my shoulders and left.

Finishing my morning work downstairs I wrote out my shopping list, for this was my bi-monthly market day to the village. On my way back upstairs for Anne's approval I heard a dimly muffled yet sharp cry, a shuffle, a thump.

That was the noon-time, the spring day that Jane killed Anne with her dress shears.

I went to market that afternoon and I bought pink rhubarb and red beets, yellow string beans and a thick, red steak.

The Philosophy of Music

MARCELLA TYRELL

CARLYLE has embraced the very essence of music, when he calls it "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that." These words connote its universality, versatility, and power, the golden qualities, which make music, not an ephemeral or inferior art, but one intimately related to the basic forms of man's consciousness. If this be true, why has there never existed a philosophy of music until recent years? The answer is that music, in its present harmonic form, is still in its early maturity. Heretofore, music was cultivated for its own sake, rather than with an attempt to understand its principles in their philosophical relations. Since philosophy does not precede, but follows the actual processes of development, the data must first be provided, studied, and unified into a coherent logical system. Only then, when the art is mature, does philosophy appropriate the field of music to her domain. But the music of the last century is a glorious testimony that the art has attained its maturity. Today, there is a philosophy of music.

What are a few of the more specific problems which the philosophy of music purposes to solve? Paramount among them, is the need to determine the nature of the psychological processes involved in musical experience. This inquiry is significant, because upon the data thus determined rests the possibility of relating music to other manifestations of human thought and action. The relation of music to the other arts is the next problem. As music has certain attributes that distinguish it from other arts, it also has certain attributes in common with the other arts by

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virtue of which it is placed in the category of art. For a philosophy of music, attention must be centered upon the common attributes.

While music is not morality, the two have been closely associated both in popular and in philosophic thought since the days of Plato and Aristotle. The philosopher, always motivated by a desire for unity, is inclined to believe that the aesthetic and the ethical ideals are not only compatible, but essential to each other. The more pragmatically-minded point to many inconsistencies between certain apparent results of music and the ordinary conceptions of moral practices. This, then, is another problem in the philosophy of music. That an intimate relation has always existed between music and religious worship is sufficient basis for the question, "What is the relation between music and religion?" Since the philosophical approach to any subject entails the search for the essential, irreducible content of it, the philosophy of music must undertake the problem of the content of music.

Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony are the three elements that constitute the natural basis for a psychological analysis of music. Rhythm is the primary factor from which music, as well as dancing and poetry have developed, for it is the element that first awakened the mind to an instinct or desire for artistic expression. Of the three elements, it is the one most deeply rooted in the human organism. Since in man, susceptibility to rhythm is an instinct to which he responds reflexly and almost inevitably, it seems to be embedded in the very heart of man's nervous system. Not only does rhythm function in the arts, but it extends over the entire realm of human activities, both voluntary and involuntary. The rhythm in man's heart-beat, in his walking, his talking, and his thinking are but a few illustrations. Being organic and natural, not a cultivated reaction, it is readily understood why music with a strong rhythm finds almost a universal appreciation

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among mankind. Today, rhythm is no longer the purely emotional element it was in primitive music. Through their knowledge of the mathematical foundations of rhythm, musicians now employ rhythm as an intellectual element in the art.

While rhythm is primarily physical, melody is primarily as psychical as any of the most abstract forms of consciousness. It is rightly called a true form of thought, for it is a unity never completed except in the past. One must remember that melody is never imitative. It is born spontaneously in the composer's mind. That is why it is the purely mental or spiritual element of music, the mirror of the musician's emotional life.

Harmony, an outgrowth of melody, is another element capable of producing a strong psychological effect on the listener. How decidedly different is one's response to a minor mode from that produced by hearing a selection, or even a chord, in a major mode! The minor, by its sound, makes one feel sadness or yearning, while the major mode with its unmistakably strong, confident sound, produces the feeling of joy. Harmony, by providing a new medium for musical thought, has indeed enriched the sensuous beauty of music.

Aristotle was fond of stressing the profound influence of music upon character. This seems a natural belief for him, when one recalls that his ideas of the "good" and the "beautiful" were so conjoined as to be almost identical. There is a divergence of opinion as to whether music does influence the soul and aid in the development of character. Some, like Aristotle, are convinced that music and morality are not inconsistent, but mutually helpful. Those at the other extreme, who have noted numerous unfortunate examples, affirm that, as a profession music is a severe strain upon character and even destructive of morality.

This view is merely opinion, based upon individual examples, and not upon analysis. Obviously, no generalities can be derived

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from either extremes, but they serve to suggest the problem. Associated with this question, is that of the relation between music and religion. Often, music will have the peculiar power of leading the mind to an attitude of prayer. It does this because it has the power to stimulate the emotions. But there its power ends. Music can arouse the emotions, but it is not able to connect them with proper ideals of ethical action.

Although last in this discussion, the problem of the content of music is the central one in the philosophy of music. Upon this question musical theorists have long been divided into two opposing schools, the "Formalists" and the "Expressionists." To the Formalists, the content of music is nothing more than the sound patterns which the auditory nerve receives and transmits to the brain, thus providing a sensuously pleasing stimulus. They lay stress upon the formal attributes of music and see the beauty of music in the mere formal play of tones and in the structural unity that musical symbols express.

The Expressionists contend for the emotional significance of music, and declare its true function to be the stimulation of the emotions. Their viewpoint is subjective in contrast to the objective attitude of the Formalists.

In criticizing the Formalists' views, one must admit that music, an objective phenomenon, is what they define it to be, but it is also much more. Their definition is not false, but it is inadequate, for music has its thought and its emotional aspects as well as its sense attributes. Few today hold to a strict interpretation of the Formalist theory and deny music has a powerful influence over the emotional consciousness. Consequently, the real problem in musical aesthetics today, is the problem of the relative value of the emotional and intellectual elements in music. No longer is it denied that music is the prolific embodiment of both.

Between the Dark and the Daylight

MARGARET GOULD

—THE *bete-noir* OF A
STUDENT OF LETTERS

I KNEW it. I've always had a deadly fear of this. I knew that when people thought that you were dead and out of common — I'll say it's common — decency put you six feet under the earth, when they weren't even sure you were dead, that you'd wake up and find yourself. That's what friends do for you anyway — the minute that they can get you unconscious they dig a hole and throw you bodily into it. Then what chance have you? I ask you just what chance have you? But, wait a minute — maybe I'm not dead, maybe I'm not even buried . . . I wasn't sick . . . no, I wasn't but, I am now or soon shall be. I'm just awake — awake at this hour — three-twenty-five and I'm awake — just when all fine, upstanding, self-respecting damn fools are beginning to think about going to bed. I'm awake and ready to set fire to the world. Some wise soul — who was it? — no matter — anyway he said that the early bird catches the worm — But, who in hell wants a worm? I've always hated worms — the gooey, slimy things. It amounts almost to a phobia the way I feel about worms. The dread started when we were all infants going fishing together — or was it in Zoology lab when we dissected the dear little Annelids and found the metamerism both external and internal very conspicuous. They were a primary form having many systems identical with those of man — No wonder . . . aha . . . Now I see how various and sundry of my acquaintances have stooped so low — why haven't I thought of this connection before? Why hasn't someone thought of it? Why, for

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goodness sakes, that explains the McCall girls, the whole bunch of them and Homer Wilder and even Edgar Guest might be excused under these circumstances. After all, the poor man can't help it if he descended from a worm. And, Jonathan Swift — He's not a genius as he's cracked up to be. Why, I don't know ten people who would even bother to sit down and read his works if it weren't an assignment. Now, he's the scoundrel behind my deplorable state. I might have known that I would come to no good end reading a man with a philosophy like his. Why, if I hadn't been reading his cynical — who was it who said that a cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing — anyway, if it hadn't been for my reading Swift early last evening — or five hundred years ago — it couldn't have been five hundred years ago because he died circa 1740 and that wasn't five hundred years ago — at least it wasn't the last time I had any conception of date — but who knows?

If it hadn't been for the dear venerable Jonathan — wowey, what a name — his parents must have had a complex . . . Oh, there's that deplorable, detestable, odious, hateful word. I have acquired a genuine enmity — that's eupheneous, isn't it? — but, I hate even the word. It spells abomination C-O-M-P-L-E-X dash abomination. If ever another soul even so much as breathes that word in my presence again, I shall calmly step on their ankle and breathe smoke in their face.

Complex, that's apparently the sole topic of conversation of all eligible males between the ages of six and sixty — at least as I have run into them in the last six weeks. Do you suppose fate or some supernatural phenomenon is down on me? Could it be that I am doomed to die of an uncanny "fixation?" I took a test once which proved that I was disgustingly normal as far as extroversion and introversion goes — as a matter of fact I took two

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of them with the same results and one of them was Freud's. That should prove something. Maybe I just have a specimenish appearance. People approach me with a fiendish gleam in their eyes and a "complexly" twisted tongue and they banter me with questions and analyze me to the ears. I have had as many as four voluntary analyses of an evening with as many antithetical results. I have had an inferiority complex and a superiority or pedestal sitter complex at one and the same time with a little maternal complex and pedantic complex thrown in for good measure. But, why, why am I losing my perfectly good sleep because of a couple of complexes . . . or is it because of that antiquated foreigner Jonathan? If I hadn't decided to go to bed early and read Mr. Swift's outpourings, I should certainly never be awake now. Oh, I'm going to look a hundred and fifty tomorrow and how can I explain it? Oh, I was out on a tear with dear Jonathan last night — you know how it is, my dear, one must have one's binges once in a while.

Maybe if I could talk to Jonny now — talk of Lilliput with its two and a half inch men — I don't believe I know any much taller myself, come to think of it. If I could only meet up with Swift now and chat with him — if I could only chat with some one of my friends — but, I'll have to get a whole new set of friends — people who are willing to conform to my way of living. Here I am practically up and about and all of my dear friends lie in a sodden stupor during these, the most productive hours of the day. Why, pale Aurora is playing under the opening eyelids of the dawn, as someone once put it, and my friends can't appreciate it. How could they possibly appreciate the finer things in life when all they do is sleep, sleep, sleep?

The first thing I have to do is to meet up with a complete new set of dearest friends. But will someone kindly tell me how — when my whole system of living is all wrong? Something definitely, most definitely has to be done about all of this *tout de suite*.

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I can't go on being a non-conformist *ad infinitum* — I am going back to sleep. I am going back to sleep. But how? Some say look at a white spot on the wall — now, let me see — fine thing — people can get away with saying anything in broad daylight. Look at a white space — hum — there isn't a single solitary shade one bit lighter than pitch black in this entire house! I could spell Czechoslovakia backward — maybe if I could spell it at all. Uh-uh, that's out. I could go on that imaginary trip abroad and entertain myself that way until people finally muster courage to rouse themselves from their sodden states and be productive during these the fairest hours of the day. Produce, produce, produce, for I tell you the night is coming. Carlyle said something like that. Yes, and a fine one he was to be shooting off his face on the subject. Oh Carli-Yill what I know about you-oo!

Oh — that'll be enough of this — I'm going to England — I'm going right away — maybe people will be a little more congenial over there. I'm going to dash around in London society — I'm going to stay up all night every night and go to royal balls and lowly coffee houses and things — I'm never going to bed again — And, I'm going to Westminster Abbey and see the tombs of such dear people as Spencer and Shakespeare and Swift, oh, maybe dear Jonathan'll be there, the dear cynic of "Modest Proposals" and his Lilliputians — those awful teensy-weensy little people — what a queer mind that man must have had — I'll bet he had a complex — there I am again. That settles it. I'm going to get up and scream and awaken all of those very best friends, I'm going to knock myself out with the night light or read Jonathan 'til doomsday — Do you want to make something of it Swiftly — You do — you and whose army!!!

With sincere apologies to Miss Dorothy Parker!

New Light for the Bible

MARGARET O'CONNELL

RECENT years have seen a profusion of writings vindicating the Church against accusations that she is at odds with science, accusations that have now become as outmoded as they are untrue. It is lamentable, however, that most of the proponents of these theses have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the relation of the Church to the purely physical sciences, often neglecting the speculative sciences, especially in the field of Biblical theology. The fact that even educated Catholics reverently bow their heads at the sound of the last syllables of the word "exegesis," is potent evidence of the necessity for a bit of enlightenment on the subject.

Today, as it has been always in the past, and will remain throughout the centuries to come, the Bible is one of the principal founts of Revelation. The science which interprets the meaning of the Bible, which tries to extract the true sense and signification from Sacred Scripture, is exegesis. When we reflect that the Bible, written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, has God for its author, we can realize to some extent, the importance of correctly interpreting it. This may, on the face of it, seem a simple matter, until we take into consideration the fact that the Bible is a book written over a period of about 1,550 years by numerous men. It was set down in other times, by men having the language, outlook, and customs of the Orient. All these factors have a bearing on the interpretation of the Holy Writ.

The present day public is inclined to refer anything pertaining to the Sacred Writings to the Scribes and Pharisees; cheap evangelists have been instrumental in poisoning the attitude of the

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general public to the extent that they actually look upon reading the Bible with a certain patronage. The fallacy that the Catholic Church forbids her members to read the Bible, is still a fairly popular one.

Actually, the Church has been making well-directed efforts to spread knowledge of the Sacred Scripture and to broaden the layman's acquaintance with the inspired Word of God. Some of the most eminent scholars in the Church today are devoting their efforts to this field. The education required before a man can even brush the surface is extensive to say the least: besides the usual training in theology and classical languages, he must have a comprehensive historical background, work in sacred linguistics — Hebrew, Chaldee, Hellenistic Greek, Syriac, Coptic, and various other Oriental tongues; he must be acquainted with the archeological findings which throw more light on the customs of former times, and the circumstances bearing upon the writing of the Book of Books.

To expedite such work, a number of institutions have been organized to educate and guide Biblical scholars.

1902 saw the Biblical Commission set up in Rome by Leo XIII, to regulate Scriptural matters as a Roman Congregation. It has the power to grant academic degrees, and offer prizes for theses. Leo XIII further encouraged this work in an encyclical, *Providentis Simus Deus*, issued ten years prior to the establishment of the Commission.

His successor, Pius X, continued interest in exegesis by creating the Biblical Institute, which functions under the direction of the Jesuits, to train Catholic exegetes in all the necessary fundamentals. For greater concreteness, students may participate in summer expeditions to the Holy Land, where the Institute maintains a branch house for those who wish to study amid the actual surroundings of the events to which their research is devoted.

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The Biblical Institute also publishes quarterly and monthly magazines to keep the ministry the world over abreast of the most recent exegetical developments. It is active also in excavation work. St. Stephen's in Jerusalem, under Dominican auspices, offers similar opportunities.

These have not been fruitless attempts. Archeological discoveries are throwing increasing light on the truth of the Bible, and are useful in furthering work on difficult or obscure texts. Ancient documents are revealing a fund of information not at the disposal of scholars of a century and a half ago, before it was possible to translate cuneiform writing. It was only about forty-five years ago that the key to translating Sumerian inscriptions was discovered; and still more recently students have found a method of translating Hittite inscriptions. All of this means a significant addition to the material at the disposal of the student of exegesis.

These advances have concerned the old world only, but the Western Hemisphere is also alive to this interest in exegesis. Besides sending students to the European and Oriental institutes of study, the Catholic Biblical Association has been founded under the patronage of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine for the purpose of furthering investigation in the field of Biblical studies, and to promulgate whatever knowledge is available. This organization has undertaken the revision of the Rheims-Douay New Testament, and work on the Old Testament is also now under way.

The ramifications of such a field may not be immediately evident when the word *exegesis* is mentioned, but examination reveals a scope that is broad as well as deep. Since the opening of this century, interest has revived in this sacred study, one close to the hearts of the Holy Fathers of the Church. If such a project is worthy of their attention, it assuredly merits the attention and prayers of the laity.

The Quarterly



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Editorial

An Open Letter to the Dean

Dear Mother Ignatius,

Almost-Alumnae can not write a respectable letter. They are completely absorbed in making an energetic departure. But the bustle entailed is our salvation — the only effective antidote to the danger of tears, what with so many last times.

If we could have a single wish, it would be that you might know our thanks as real — more than a gesture — and thoroughly acceptable to you if only because they are ours and freely given.

Thanks for yourself — your *very* square dealings with us — your prayers — and the wholly human feeling that means so much in the relations of Ursulines to "Ursuline girls."

Thanks for the happy accident that gave us a part in your Jubilee celebration — and a chance to express our admiration for service of your sort.

And thanks through you to the faculty for all they have done; the untiring work that we saw and appreciated and the hidden sacrifices we missed. Our gratitude is liveliest for the freshness they bring to each class, making "old stuff" for them new and absorbing for us — all adding up to four immeasurably rich years.

May we merit by our loyalty your blessing and continued prayers.

With deepest affection,

THE SENIORS.

—And If You're Reading

WORLD COMMUNISM, *By* FRANZ BORKENAU.

W. W. NORTON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK. 1939.

It is an extremely gloomy future for the Communist International that is forecast by Dr. Borkenau in this most ambitious and comprehensive political history. It would seem to be the more discouraging from a communistic point of view, since he chooses to regard the Comintern as neither the Utopian panacea of all human ills, nor as the stalking menace to all world politics. Rather, it is a stark failure.

Beginning with the hectic pre-war days when the ideals of Marx were first enthusiastically devoured, the author guides us through thirty-odd years to contemporary times, where the force that is communism appears as a startling contradiction of almost all its primary principles.

There are many features of communism which seem bewilderingly confused, and quite candidly Borkenau attributes this confusion to the policy of "opportunism" that both Stalin and his predecessor Lenin indulged in. Few are the countries that have entirely escaped the pressure of Moscow, and it is only recently that the Comintern has overtly expressed the doctrine which has shadowed its international tactics almost constantly. Today the ideal of a proletarian revolution is no longer emphasized, and the acknowledged paramount purpose of world communism is the success of Russia's foreign policy.

With these aims clearly made manifest, is it any wonder that the Russian leaders pursued this art of "opportunism" since it is for the prosperity of Russia that the Comintern has removed itself farther and farther from its former basic concepts?

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World Communism is a factual piece of literature, which scientifically reviews world politics, inasmuch as they have affected or were affected by the Communist International. The author's scope of nations is definitely extensive, and briefly yet vividly, Borkenau paints for us those leading characters whose strength or weakness determined the destinies of their countries.

Naechev, Bakunin, Trotsky, Lenin, Stalin, Bela Kun, Sinovjev, Rosa Luxemburg, Paul Levi, and Sun Yat Sen: all are outstanding figures interwoven in the history of world communism in Europe and in Asia.

It seems significant that Borkenaw states that the United States has no dynamic leader in the person of Earl Browder, who has neither "a personal appeal to the masses, nor the means of compulsion of Stalin."

Communism is a paradox. Its unpredictability has aided in promoting the distrust and suspicion with which it is regarded today. Many of its procedures show a conscious emulation of Fascism. There seems to be doubt whether Moscow sincerely wishes communism to gain power in any other country.

Although far from being an alarmist, Dr. Borkenau does, however, point out quite objectively that the presence of the Comintern in a democracy may be viewed with warranted concern. It is an indication of certain disintegrations within the political system, for one of its tenets is the belief in a saviour abroad, a concept foreign to the independent essence of liberalism and democracy.

For a student interested in the tumultuous history of the Communist International, *World Communism* presents a disinterested interpretation of political manoeuvres from the sanguine Russian Revolution, through the Hungarian Revolt, the Chinese

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Revolution, to the advent of Hitler in Germany and the present crisis in Spain.

Franz Borkenau was once a member of the German Communist Party. His bibliography proves his accessibility to the most direct sources of information. This jumbled pattern of neo-Marxism assumes form in his hands, as he pessimistically indicates to us the shortcomings and negations of the Comintern.

The power and influence of the Russian people would soar to awe-inspiring heights, if they would but dissolve the Comintern, and abstain from interference abroad. But this dissolution is possible only at the word of the great Stalin, who, to this day, cherishes his wild dreams and naive confidence.

"Both in Russian home politics and in the activities of the Comintern, double-dealing has been carried to such a degree as to defeat, very often, its own ends. Stalin, the man who could not allow a single one of his old companions to live, is the last man to believe in the possibility of sincere collaboration in the international field."

ELIZABETH NOONE '40.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS, *By* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK. 1939.

This man who "has a genius for friendship and for living" has given us his autobiography. For those who have even heard of him that should be sufficient to say. Almost incredibly excited with life, he says he lives each day as if it were his last. So utterly fascinating is the book that this reviewer finds it difficult to do it justice by mere words.

Almost inexhaustible is the list of his acquaintances and friends, almost unbelievable the number of celebrities among

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them, almost unbearable the joy and enthusiasm of Billy Phelps. His anecdotes are infectious, the pen-portraits of his intimates full of the flavor of his own personality, even his hates and private prejudices (oh, yes, he has them) are engaging.

A delightful conversationalist, his life story unravels leisurely, imperturbably, effortlessly. Living has been so rich and full, for him there has not been a moment, a second when he was not working or exercising at his beloved tennis. And he blearily encloses the panorama of his existence between the covers of his 972-page book.

Interested intensely in every subject under the sun except higher mathematics, the only thing he could never master, he has made thousands of students love and appreciate literature. As one student put it, he could teach poetry so that "anyone could understand it." And that is saying a good deal.

Extracts from his first diary bristle with anecdotes and English adjectives such as *bully*, *nobbie*, *duced*. Indicative of his sense of humor, nourished at the early age of fourteen, is this entry in his diary at that age, "Glory of glories! Miss Snowball Jackson, Diable, alias Mrs. Tiger Tomcat, hatched precisely one kitten today! . . . The kitten's name is Epaminondas Alcibiades Pentscosiomedimni. It is awful cunning!"

Teaching at Yale he loved it as he seems to love everything about life. He loved teaching as a painter loves to paint. Genuinely interested he followed the careers of his students after graduation and had the ultimate satisfaction of having some of them become truly great. Amusingly titled "Mea Ornamenta," such names as Sinclair Lewis; Philip Barry; the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet; the novelist Thornton Wilder; literary critic Henry Seidel Canby; Canon Anson P. Stokes of Washington Cathedral, grace its pages.

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As to his intellectual exercise, he has said, "In my serious philosophical studies, I loved Schopenhauer, I had deep respect for Kant, I thought Eduard von Hartmann crude, and Fichte incomprehensible." Perfectly astounding it is to find a man imbued with the exhilaration of enthusiasm for life rejoicing in *the* pessimist of note, Schopenhauer. He hates to think of life without this man who has "added so much" to his happiness. "He illuminated every subject he touched, and he touched them all . . . Mentally, I have lived with Schopenhauer fifty years, and find him a charming companion, brilliant and stimulating."

Having read books since he was four years old, he acknowledges the debt he owes to those authors and works which affected his mind and character most profoundly. It is interesting to note what such a fundamentally "happy" man considers important. Shakespeare, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Tennyson's *Maud*, Goethe, Schopenhauer, the Bible which early became an integral part of him: these are the influential factors of a man who has been and is America's most popular lecturer on literature, authority on Browning, critic, traveler and so on down the list. But it was Browning's poetry that became paramount. - In his course in Tennyson and Browning, 550 students signed.

Among his intimates we find such giants of literature as Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole, Vachel Lindsay, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, and Ireland's unique personality AE.

This most optimistic of men, nourished by the sincere pessimists: Swift, Schopenhauer, Hardy, Housman, tells us, "For a shallow optimism I have no respect whatever. But if optimism means one believes that in the long run truth will survive error and good will triumph over evil and that life is an experience for which one is grateful, then I am most certainly an optimist."

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD '40.

THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR, *By* MICHAEL DERRICK.

CAMPION BOOKS, LTD, NEW YORK. 1939.

"Oliveira Salazar is Portugal; Portugal is Oliveira Salazar." Michael Derrick makes this bold statement in this, his latest book. There have been many conflicting reports universally circulated about the present leader of Portugal. Derrick declares Salazar to be really a genius, a man in earnest, not a dictator, as many in the United States have dubbed him. An interesting character study is made of this "profoundly religious" national hero in the chapter entitled "Man From Nowhere." The reading of it is essential for a thorough knowledge of the man, his aims, his ideals, his successes and accomplishments. All combine into a forceful personality.

His words are quoted by the author as having been inspired by wisdom: "Unless the feet of a nation are firmly planted on the laws of God, and the face of a nation turned to the face of God, there is no lasting peace for that nation."

With this in mind his "Estado Hovo" could not but be a success. It is an extraordinary experiment in statesmanship. It is a strange plan outstandingly successful in the turmoil of modern times. Its keynote, its theme can be found in Salazar's foreword: "We do not ask for much. An understanding and consciousness of the fatherland and of national unity; of the family, the primary social unit; of authority and of obedience to authority."

Indeed it is a unique rule based theoretically and practically on Catholic doctrine and philosophy. It is essentially Christian and essentially Portuguese. The principles upon which it is built are, in the truest sense of that much-abused word, democratic.

Derrick brings to light much of the relevant past history which helps the reader to understand the development of this amazing

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rebirth of a nation, as exemplified in its present system of government: Corporatism. The author takes great pains and care to show how this Corporatism differs widely from the misnomer of the Italian and Germanic states. Fascism cripples the principles of Corporatism, while in Germany there exists a pseudo-corporatism.

The genuine interpretation of this system is a conception of man neither forgetting the rights of man nor the duties of man. It remembers that every right is expressed conversely as a duty to each fellow-man.

There are five cardinal "nots" to Corporatism. By presenting us with these evils it avoids, the author ingeniously impresses us with the worth and value of this type of government.

With regards to its political status, Portugal has little to fear. Franco will rebuild Spain along the lines of the "Estado novo." Neither country will become the servant of the Rome-Berlin axis, but will be close, independent neighbors. A great friendliness has always existed between Portugal and England. In 1937 it celebrated the 790th anniversary of this friendship with Britain: an understanding of alliance against a common foe. There is no indication that this relationship will come to nought, for Lisbon, thriving commercially, has been regarded as the "key to the Mediterranean."

Britain, then, will certainly aid Portugal against attack so as to safeguard her own rights in the Mediterranean if conditions should prove unfavorable for her possessions in that zone.

This reviewer thought the book had a universal appeal. It seems to contain the solution to the frantic, vain attempts which have been made to preserve world peace. Men, today, ask the hopeless question: "Are freedom and order compatible?" This book gives the answer.

GLORIA KENNEDY '41.

— AND IF YOU'RE READING

VINTAGE AND OTHER POEMS, *By* SISTER MARY EULALIA,
R.S.M.

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS, N. J. 61 pp. 1938.

This is an invitingly slender book of short poems, gentle, poignant, of human and spiritual understanding. None of them are "great" in the sense of innovation, of startling imagery, or unsustained flow of beauty and inspiration. But every thought is aptly, delicately expressed and each idea breathes an underlying warmth. Singular, yet universal in concept, individually pertinent in execution, they constitute a mellow whole, a tiny book of Catholic philosophy which is clear and fragrant.

The first poem which lends the collection its title, is perhaps the most imaginative, attractive, and representative of the theme of the remaining work:

"I did not pick the grapes that you let fall;
No more have ever grown upon the vine.
You were so very big, and I so small —
How could I know they might be changed to wine?

Now from the loam I gather memories,
Far sweeter than the very oldest wine;
And when we know eternal mysteries,
The grapes that you let fall I'll know are mine."

The first thirty-seven poems are derived from the first two lines of this second stanza, and the fifteen concluding sonnets from the last two. One sonnet, "Ye Who Mourn, Be Comforted," an appeal to Our Blessed Mother, I feel, is the most suggestive, memorable, and finest of them all. Surrounded by Sister Eulalia's other poems, it seems an expression of even finer poetry to come.

DOROTHY ZWIER '41.

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WICKFORD POINT, *By* JOHN P. MARQUAND.

It seems that Mr. Marquand possesses the blessed and happy faculty of successfully introducing to his readers new personalities. He did this in 1936, when he introduced Mr. Moto to the literary world, and in 1938 we met Mr. George Apley, who caught and held the attention of the Pulitzer Prize Committee as a winning character.

In the amusing story of *Wickford Point*, we meet such contrasting characters as the narrator of the story, Jim Calder, a forty-year-old writer, who takes his friends and relatives as they are and makes no attempt at their reformation. There is Mr. Allen Southby, who is persistently called Mr. Northby. He hails from Minnesota, but has assumed the shades of Harvard as readily as a chameleon, and has become Harvard Housemaster.

Then there are the Brill characters — nominated for reformation — but their flavor would be so diluted by the reformation as to be completely spoiled. To be truly appreciated, the Brills should be, like foreign wine, enjoyed in their birthplace, drowsy Wickford Point, which is an hour north of Boston.

We meet kind Cousin Clotilde, who is constantly borrowing cigarettes and overdrawing her bank account in her complete and blissful ignorance of finances; Harry, who belonged to all the correct clubs at Harvard but belonged nowhere in the business world; Sid, who daily siphoned the gas from Mr. Calder's car to refill his own tank and so escort his girl to the beach. We meet Mary, Bella's blond sister, who thought herself so abused, and Bella herself — a sharp-tongued vixen whose beauty and charm stole all Mary's men. Supplementary characters are Joe Stowe, the novelist; Earle Caraway, a gangling helper who mowed lawns, ate

— AND IF YOU'RE READING

chocolate nut bars, and read "True Romances" when not studying dramatics from a correspondence course; and Pat Leighton, the only level-headed, straight-thinking character in the book.

The Brills relied more heavily on their ancestral past than on the present. Their frequently mentioned Great Aunt Sarah was quite a character; she hooked rugs, collected pine cones, and said that sulphur matches smelt badly, and the noise they made was startling; to complicate things she habitually burned the household bills in mistake for her old love letters. Other characters in their ancestral gallery were John Brill, the Wickford Sage, who wrote some abominable poetry, and Samuel Seabrook, "who seemed to have possessed no weaknesses whatsoever except a desire to stray away from home."

Further proof of their living in the past is their belief that since five generations of Brills had gone to Harvard — also Alma Mater to the author — "this accumulation of generations had an automatic scholastic merit."

A description of the ceiling in the house describes the whole. It "was like the balance of power in Europe or like the tottering fabric of the nation and of all Wickford Point, ready to fall but never falling."

Obviously the foundation of this book of the modern scene is character delineation and human nature; plot is negligible. The dry humor, satirical quality and truly sympathetic handling of these people show Mr. Marquand to be master of character.

A toast to the Brills! "So nice to have met you. You must come again!"

DOROTHY WALSH '39.

THE QUARTERLY

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS, *By* ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD.

CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS, NEW YORK. \$1.50.

The sage Pulitzer judges evaluated *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* as the "best play produced during the season, preferably on some phase of American life." They should have added a corollary of praise for its classical perfection. Without sacrificing a single appealing or dramatic scene *Abe Lincoln* adheres admirably to the ancient formula of unity and the Shakespearean qualifications of a tragic hero.

Mr. Sherwood depicts Abraham Lincoln — certainly not the prince or duke that Shakespeare's audience demanded — but as a tremendous tragic hero, replete with magnificent characteristics and the essential flaw that led to his downfall.

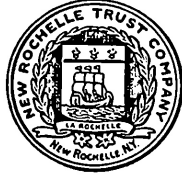
Lincoln's pathetic greatness is reported intact, with almost every detail supported by undisputable historical data. The play covers thirty-one years of Lincoln's life; from the time his friends insisted he learn to read, until the day he boarded the train for Washington and the presidency.

Through every word of Lincoln Mr. Sherwood has echoed his plea to be "left alone." The tragic part of Lincoln's life came from his friends' recognition of his greatness and their insisting that he utilize it. The important crises of his life that eventually shattered his aloof modesty into political awkwardness are the most dramatic scenes.

Abe Lincoln seems clearly intended for a character delineation but it may be interpreted as nationalist enthusiasm and as such could be disastrous at the present time. That is the only fault I could find with it. Mr. Sherwood is a truly great dramatist.

GRACE LUND '41.

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